

The Nation and The Athenæum

THE NATION. VOL. XXXIII., No. 9.] SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1923.

[THE ATHENÆUM. No. 4857.]

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ..	291	REVIEWS (<i>continued</i>)—	
THE NEW ADMINISTRATION ..	294	English Prosody. By R. C. Trevelyan ..	307
TERRITORIAL WATERS ..	295	The Shuffling Plantigrade ..	308
THE TRADE BOARDS BILL ..	296	Dutch Pottery ..	308
THE RUHR AND THE RHINELAND. By C. K. Webster ..	297	BOOKS IN BRIEF (The Intellectual Worker and his Work; The Development of the British Empire; The Story of Bologna; The History of Medicine; Abbey Classics) ..	309
LIFE AND POLITICS. By Omicron ..	299	MUSIC :—	
FRAGMENTS FROM MY DIARY.—THE SEXTON BODRIAGIN. By Maxim Gorky ..	300	Programmes for Salzburg. By Edward J. Dent ..	310
THE FRENCH THEATRE. By Frank Birch ..	301	THE DRAMA :—	
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. By John Leyland, Hugh F. Spender, H. R. Graham, Raphael Roche, and Roth Williams ..	302	The Puppets, "The Tempest," and Mr. Fagan. By Francis Birrell ..	310
THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By Leonard Woolf ..	304	SCIENCE :—	
REVIEWS :—		Diabetes and Insulin. By L. B. Winter and W. Smith ..	312
Marching with the Band. By Osbert Sitwell ..	305	THE PUBLISHERS' TABLE ..	314
Tolstoi and Valeria. By Edward Garnett ..	305	FORTHCOMING MEETINGS ..	314
Some Recent Novels. By Forrest Reid ..	306	THE WEEK'S BOOKS ..	316
		FINANCE AND INVESTMENT. By J. M. K. ..	318

All communications and MSS. should be addressed to the Editor, THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C. 2.
All Articles in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM are copyright in the U.S.A. by the "New Republic."

EVENTS OF THE WEEK

ONE of the most insistent French demands in the Ruhr has been for the disarming, and in many cases the expulsion, of the Schupos or Green Police. That has been duly carried out, with the result that the Communist or anarchist outbreaks inevitably provoked by French policy have found the local authorities helpless. Such outbreaks have occurred in the past week at Gelsenkirchen, at Bochum, at Essen, and elsewhere in the occupied area. The tale of dead and wounded is variously computed, but the former certainly number over thirty, and the wounded run into hundreds. At Düsseldorf, where the Green Police survive, the attempted disorders were suppressed. The French themselves have so far taken no steps to interfere, but prolonged disorder in the Ruhr would give them a pretext, of which they may yet avail themselves, for fresh encroachments. Meanwhile, a wholesale expulsion of German railwaymen who decline to work under French orders is being executed with vigour. Even so, no more than a skeleton service is being run.

* * *

CONCURRENTLY with these developments in the Ruhr the discussion and preparation of Reparation plans proceeds apace in Berlin, Paris, and Brussels. The Paris deliberations have led to no very tangible result, except the raising of what was regarded as the French minimum demand from 26 milliards to 30 or 32. The Belgians, on the other hand, have worked out a more or less definite scheme, in which Allied participation in German industrial concerns figures largely, while the German industrials themselves have laid before their Government proposals under which the State should take a mortgage on some part of their plant, therefrom drawing interest for Reparation purposes to the extent of 200 million gold marks. This meagre contribution has aroused little more enthusiasm in Germany than in France, nor does the declaration of the industrialists that the State services could be made to yield a profit of a milliard a year under private management improve the outlook much. Meanwhile, M. Poincaré has secured the approval of a huge majority of the French Chamber for a credit of 47½ million francs for Ruhr expenses in June.

ANGLO-RUSSIAN relations are distinctly easier, but the possibilities of a breach still remain. M. Krassin received on Wednesday Lord Curzon's reply to the last Russian Note. While the Foreign Secretary is understood to recognize the satisfactory nature of some of the Soviet Government's assurances, he is believed to have reaffirmed in extremely plain language his views on the conduct of certain Soviet representatives, notably those at Kabul and Teheran, in the matter of propaganda, and there is no indication that the demand for the withdrawal of these assiduous diplomats has been abandoned. Though M. Tchitcherin makes national sovereignty rather less of a fetish than Ismet Pasha, he is likely to find this demand a little hard to swallow, unless, indeed, he has the good sense to discover that this is a convenient moment for promoting or otherwise translating the gentlemen in question. To any people other than the Bolsheviks it might have occurred that vitriolic outbursts by their Foreign Minister, and the hanging of Lord Curzon in effigy in Moscow, were not the most effective methods of stimulating that Anglo-Russian cordiality they so earnestly desire.

* * *

THE war clouds which hovered over Lausanne till last Saturday were finally dispelled when Ismet Pasha, speaking, it must be assumed, with the full authority of Angora behind him, accepted the Greek offer to surrender the coveted Karagatch area in lieu of the payment of Reparations to Turkey. Greece at the same time admitted her technical liability to pay Reparations, thus gratifying that singularly delicate emotion the *amour propre* of the Turk. Karagatch, in the course of the previous discussions, had been elevated into a symbol which excited passions quite out of proportion to its real importance, and the Greeks have in reality lost much less than the Turks believe they have gained. Adrianople possibly becomes a little safer, but as the whole zone is demilitarized, there is not very much in that. Neither Greeks nor Bulgars like seeing the Turks astride the Maritza Valley railway, but the construction of an eight-mile loop-line round Karagatch would enable the Greeks to keep inside their own frontier all the way, while the undertakings given regarding

through-traffic and the association of the League of Nations with the scheme should sufficiently guarantee Bulgaria her economic access to the *Ægean*. In point of fact, she is likely to get that better through Salonika by agreement with the Greeks.

* * *

THE Arab agitation in Palestine, fostered studiously by the "Morning Post" and similar agencies in this country, has borne its appointed fruits, with the result that the elections for the new Legislative Council, which were to mark the first step towards real self-government in Palestine, have been declared void owing to the wholesale abstention of Arab voters. As a consequence, it has been decided to continue what is virtually Crown Colony government in a modified form, and to that end an Advisory Council has been nominated, consisting of seven Mohammedan members, together with another representing Bedouin chiefs, two Christians, and two Jews. This was clearly the only course open to the British Government, and it is an adequate guarantee of efficient and, so long as Sir Herbert Samuel remains where he is, strictly impartial administration. The setback to the self-government movement is none the less regrettable, and for that the Arabs alone are responsible. Elsewhere, happily, Arab affairs are going well. The proclamation of the virtual independence of Transjordan under the Emir Abdullah has been made by the Palestine High Commissioner, subject to the negotiation of a treaty such as the Emir's brother, King Feisal, has already signed between Iraq and this country. Feisal himself appears to be settling more firmly into the saddle at Baghdad, and a further treaty between King Hussein of the Hedjaz and Great Britain is on the point of being carried through. Altogether the Shereefian house is not doing badly.

* * *

SINGULARLY interesting discussions, of which the daily papers might be reasonably expected to give a more adequate account, are in progress before the Opium Commission of the League of Nations at Geneva. The main contest is between the Americans, strongly represented by Mr. Porter, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the House of Representatives, and Bishop Brent, on the one hand, and the India Office nominee, Mr. Campbell, on the other. The Americans have come over avowedly on a crusade, prepared to proclaim the moral condemnation of the League if it fails to face the drug problem in earnest; and their proposals, providing broadly for the restriction of production and manufacture to the level of the ascertained medical and scientific needs of the world, are essentially sound. In India, however, where opium pills are sucked by troops on march and given as sedatives to factory-workers' children, the restriction to the level of purely medical requirements is resisted as too narrow. There seems room for some compromise, giving India a little time to change her habits; but both for its immediate and its ultimate effects a general endorsement of the American contentions is much to be desired.

* * *

THE opium discussion, incidentally, draws attention to the need of some co-ordination of League relations in Whitehall. In this case, for example, the British representative comes from the Home Office, and the Indian from the India Office. At the same time the question of the medical demand for sedative drugs is a matter on which the Ministry of Health should have something authoritative to say, while the department in actual charge of League relations as a whole is the Foreign Office. The situation is now likely to be drastically

changed, and wholly for the better, by the appointment of Lord Robert Cecil to a sinecure office in the Cabinet with special charge of League affairs. It appears to be Lord Robert's intention to build up both a small secretariat either in or closely associated with the Foreign Office, and a general inter-departmental committee on League affairs in Whitehall. This, together with the continuity assured by the regular attendance of the same British member at both Council meetings and Assembly, should give the League of Nations a new status in this country, and this country a new status in the League of Nations. If something of this kind had been done earlier the Saar scandal would never have been allowed to develop unobserved.

* * *

WITH the Indian elections no more than six months away, the split in the All-India Congress Committee is an event of the first importance. Mr. C. R. Das has carried his motion for entering the Councils against the non-co-operators by a vote of 96 to 71. So far as it goes, this result is to be welcomed. There have been several important resignations from the Committee as a consequence of the vote, but the policy of boycotting the elections is definitely defeated. Non-co-operation, for the moment at any rate, is losing ground heavily, though there is some evidence that it is penetrating the villages in a way that may give it new vitality later. The Das policy will lead to the election of a number of extremists, and everything will depend on how far they become subdued by the responsibilities of power. In any case, the working of the reforms is not threatened, as it would have been by a really widespread non-co-operation movement.

* * *

VERY slowly and very painfully the Government has learned its lesson in the matter of the Irish deportations. Each concession has had to be dragged out of it, but we should imagine that its awakening was fairly well completed when Sir Frederick Banbury announced that he would not vote for the third reading of the Indemnity Bill unless it was so amended as to leave the deportees' legal rights to compensation intact. At the beginning of the debate on the second reading Mr. Baldwin announced that compensation was only to be given to the extent of the actual loss each deportee could prove he had sustained; but at the end of the same debate Lord Robert Cecil explained that the deportees were to receive the same damages that they would be entitled to recover in a court of law in an ordinary action, which is an entirely different matter. A clause providing for the judicial awarding of such damages was added to the Bill in Committee. Moreover, Lord Robert Cecil, after the excessive scope of the Bill had been exposed by Mr. Asquith and Sir John Simon, moved an amendment limiting it to acts done under Regulation 14 B of the Act of 1920. The Government has undertaken to appoint a committee to survey the whole eighty-four of these regulations, with a view to their amendment or cancellation; and it has certainly been taught that Parliament is wholly opposed to the maintenance in time of peace of any special Executive powers which infringe the liberties of individual citizens.

* * *

MR. BRIDGEMAN's speech in his own defence was a quaintly ingenuous affair. He did not seem to understand the legal aspects of the case, or to appreciate that any general principle was involved. Clearly, to employ against him the weapons which our fathers forged for the protection of their liberties would be to convict ourselves of complete lack of any sense of humour. But

even if Mr. Bridgeman cannot be taken seriously, what Mr. Bridgeman has done must be taken seriously. The Indemnity Bill is a bad precedent in so far as it implies that a Government with a reliable majority in Parliament need not keep to the law in its dealings with private citizens, and it is none the less a bad precedent because this particular Government is unlikely to offend again. It would be a great mistake to assume that universal suffrage renders the protection of the individual against arbitrary government less necessary. Majorities can be, and have been, exceedingly tyrannical. The mere fact that their power is ephemeral may tempt them to make the most of a temporary advantage at the expense of long-established principles. The real safeguard of the individual is still what it has been in the past, an absolutely independent and impartial system of justice which even Governments have to respect.

THE lock-out of boilermakers in shipbuilding yards has now lasted for a month. For some days after the lock-out began, the two sides conducted a vigorous Press campaign which seemed to leave little doubt that the employers had more right on their side than the Union. In a ballot, however, the boilermakers endorsed the action of their officials. There was then no change in the situation until, on May 21st, it was announced that the Federation of Engineering and Shipbuilding Trade Unions had expelled the Boilermakers' Society as from the date of their withdrawal from the negotiations over the national overtime and night-shift agreement, under a rule which provides for such disciplinary action if a member of the Federation, "having associated itself with any general movement, subsequently withdraws" without official consent. The Federation has therefore virtually withdrawn from further participation in the dispute. As a result the boilermakers asked the employers for a further conference, which took place last Wednesday, but apparently resulted in little progress, and was adjourned *sine die*. The only hope of compromise seems to be for the employers to agree to negotiations *de novo* on condition that the boilermakers agree to work the recent national agreement without prejudice for three or four months. It is difficult to see how the employers can give them differential treatment with justice to the Federation. But the position is so serious that all concerned must make some sacrifices to avoid the disastrous consequences of a continued stoppage.

As we go to press the delegate meeting of the Miners' Federation at Blackpool is considering a proposal by the Executive to postpone the question of terminating the existing national wage agreement until the meeting of the annual conference of the Federation on July 10th. The Executive have taken this step in view of the prospect opened up by the Prime Minister of a full-dress debate in Parliament on their new Minimum Wage Bill. Reports seem to indicate that the meeting will support this postponement. The miners have long felt that Parliamentary discussion of their wage conditions would greatly strengthen their position in the event of open dispute; but they must know that the chances of obtaining a majority for the new Minimum Wage Bill are remote. On the other hand, many of the most prominent leaders are in favour of continuing the agreement for the sake of the principles therein contained. Hence the arrangement of facilities for Parliamentary action has for the moment strengthened the hands of these leaders, who are also anxious to avoid the serious split which might otherwise occur in the ranks of the Federation. If postponement is

authorized, time will have been gained, and in the circumstances time counts for much; but otherwise the situation will remain critical.

AN IRISH CORRESPONDENT writes:—

"The end of military activity in Ireland has arrived in the manner of an anticlimax. Following the publication of two 'captured documents,' the Republican Director of Publicity has issued an official notification that orders were definitely given to the Republican Army to 'cease fire and dump arms' as from May 28th. There is nothing to suggest that this order has not been fully carried out. It is, of course, possible that a certain number of irreconcilables will continue to make occasional attacks on their opponents, but no formidable force can remain under arms. From a purely military point of view this formal abandonment of hostilities makes very little difference—it has long been a foregone conclusion. But from a political point of view the written acknowledgment of defeat is a considerable gain for the Government, which will be able to point to it as a conclusive justification of its policy. In a sense this may be said to be a more critical moment for the Government than it has yet passed through. A decision must be taken as to the future of the prisoners now held, and also as to what line will be pursued in regard to persons like Messrs. de Valera and Aiken, who have so far baffled all attempts to capture them. Presumably there will be a strong Republican Party at the next election, and the question of how strong it is will depend on the Government's behaviour in the meantime, and also on the period which elapses before holding the election. It will be impossible to keep Republican leaders permanently 'on the run'; so that some sort of terms of amnesty would seem to be desirable in the immediate future.

"THE week has been a remarkable one in Irish history (although no one seems to be excited by the fact), for, in addition to the formal cessation of war, we have had the first reading of the eagerly expected Land Purchase Bill, in addition to the discussion of the Estimates, which are now printed in the fullest detail. The Land Bill is still in skeleton form, and the Members have not had time to grasp it in detail, but it appears likely to be, on the whole, well received. The payment of fifteen years' purchase to landlords is not over-generous, but it is very far removed from the kind of confiscation which many of them were prophesying. The stock in which payment is to be made will bear interest at 4½ per cent., will be guaranteed by the Government, and will be kept steady by annual drawings at par for redemption purposes. Judging by comparison with 3 per cent. Land Stock, which commands a price of about 70, it should easily keep its place around par on the local market. In that case the landlord will be in a good position as regards capital, and his income will be at the rate of about £68 for every £100 of rent which he now nominally receives. There is further provision for recovery of three years' arrears of rent, reduced by 25 per cent.—the net effect being equivalent to 2½ years' rent. This amount, where it is due, will no doubt be added to the purchase price. Head rents and encumbrances will be redeemable in stock. On the whole, the measure appears to be eminently reasonable and to reflect great credit on the Ministry. The most difficult part of it will lie in the valuation of untenanted land and its subsequent settlement—but this will probably be a labour of years."

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

MR. BALDWIN has still to prove his mettle as Prime Minister; but in the composition of his Ministry he has already given evidence of considerable imagination and resource. It was essential for him to secure adherents who would both strengthen the personnel and broaden the base of his administration; and it was expected that he would attempt to achieve these objects by enlisting the services of Mr. Austen Chamberlain and most of his brothers in exile. He seems to have made some efforts in this direction; but, on meeting Diehard opposition, he did not exhaust himself in trying to overcome it. Instead, he struck out on a new line, and within a few days was able to announce that his Cabinet would contain Lord Robert Cecil and, in a few months' time, Mr. McKenna.

The latter announcement came as a complete surprise. By his public appearance in support of Mr. Bonar Law at the last election, Mr. McKenna had, indeed, indicated that his detachment from politics was not complete, and that he preferred Conservatism to the late Coalition. But it seemed a long step from this to the offer to him, and acceptance by him, of office in a Conservative Government, whose *raison d'être* was—on the surface, at least—an objection to work any longer with *soi-disant* Liberals. Lord Robert's inclusion was not unexpected; for his attitude this year had shown fully as much benevolence to the Government as could be reconciled with fervour for the League. But though, unlike Mr. McKenna, he has never borne the Liberal label, he has been for four years the most prominent exponent of certain Liberal ideas, anathema to the genuine Diehard. Moreover, Lord Robert Cecil is hardly the man to come into a Cabinet leaving his principles outside; his acceptance of office implies an understanding which presumably embraces not only his right to represent this country on the League of Nations, but to have more influence than the ordinary Minister in shaping foreign policy. Since this involves some qualification of the authority which Lord Curzon has lately exercised, the arrangement of the matter must have been somewhat delicate. The apparent smoothness which has marked both appointments suggests that the Prime Minister knows how to handle colleagues.

The appointments themselves display a keen insight into the realities of the political situation. The Bonar Law Government was composed largely of Diehards, but its strength lay in the support of moderate opinion. Mr. Lloyd George's policy was in a sense central, but it was the reverse of moderate. It was marked not so much by the avoidance of the extreme courses of demagoguery and reaction as by the attempt to combine or alternate the two. It appealed to people of violent temperaments and fluctuating moods. But not only did it offend people of rigid convictions: it became especially distasteful to the moderate man, who was anxious not to mix whirlwinds, but to avoid them altogether. It was primarily to this opinion that Mr. Bonar Law, with his quiet manner and promise of tranquillity, appealed. To reassure this opinion, which had latterly become uneasy, was Mr. Baldwin's really essential task. Mr. McKenna and Lord Robert Cecil have helped him more in this respect than Mr. Austen Chamberlain and his chief colleagues could have done. Meanwhile, by bringing in Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, he has done enough to ensure himself against being defeated in the House by a combination of the Coalition Unionists with the Opposition.

The general benevolence with which the new Government has been received is due partly to a belief

that it has been reinforced against reaction, and partly to a vague expectation that it will pursue a more resourceful and constructive policy, especially in foreign affairs. The former impression is not unreasonable. Mr. McKenna and Lord Robert Cecil should certainly constitute additional safeguards against further departures from Free Trade, against a reckless breach with Russia, and against armament adventures of the type of Singapore. Their personal prestige, moreover, will afford some protection against such casual acts of folly as the Irish deportations; for, as Mr. Oswald Mosley suggested in a brilliant speech last Monday, these are the mistakes of a Government known to be feeble and seeking to deserve a reputation for being strong. On the other hand, if Mr. McKenna's speeches as Bank Chairman are any guide to his policy as Chancellor, the reduction of debt will not be a feature of his budgets, and no tenderness will be shown for expenditure on education or social reform.

But the question of immediate importance is the effect on our European policy. Mr. Bonar Law's passivity towards the occupation of the Ruhr, however justifiable as a passing phase, cannot remain our policy much longer. A situation will soon present itself which will require us to take once more an active part in the attempt to restore peace to Europe. The occasion will call for higher qualities of statesmanship than any of which the late Government gave evidence. What chances are there that we shall find them in the new one?

It would be unwise to build much hope on Lord Robert Cecil in this connection. His presence at League meetings—of the Assembly no less than of the Council—as the British representative will add much to the prestige and effectiveness of their proceedings. His influence will make the League a more honest and efficient instrument for the work assigned to it. It should serve, we may hope, to prevent the occurrence of such scandals as the Saar decree. But, important as these objects are, they are not what matter at the moment. What matters is to apply the spirit for which the League of Nations stands to the settlement of the major European problems; and here it is doubtful whether Lord Robert will count for much. Despite all his zeal and intelligence, and his energetic labours of the last four years, there has always clung to his character a certain suggestion of ineffectiveness—of a lack of fighting quality and sense of vital issues. It is more probable that he will throw himself into the details of League work than urge successfully an imaginative foreign policy. The next few years will test Lord Robert's quality, no less than Mr. Baldwin's.

What is the calibre of the new Prime Minister, as compared with Mr. Bonar Law? In the House of Commons, the change is regarded in all quarters as an overwhelming loss. The average member speaks of Mr. Bonar Law as "incomparably the greatest Parliamentarian of our time," and harks back to Disraeli or Sir Robert Peel in a wild attempt to find a parallel. Mr. Baldwin is described, by contrast, as a man of slow wits and third-rate debating powers, personally popular, but quite unequal to his task. Parliament, however, is often mistaken in these judgments. The intangible qualities of character and personality, so much more important than mere cleverness or even intellectual force, are not usually detected until their possessor has passed through the ordeal by fire. The country knows little of Mr. Baldwin, but it likes what it knows. It feels about him a breadth, a courage, and a buoyant temperament lacking in his predecessor; and is prepared to find him prove the bigger man.

TERRITORIAL WATERS.

THE extension of the American Prohibition Law to ships within the territorial waters of the United States has naturally aroused much discussion in this country. Such comment has, on the whole, been moderate and reasonable, and the protest lodged by the British Government appears, from the Embassy statement, to have been of the most friendly character. All this is matter for sincere congratulation, for the recent decision of the Supreme Court raises questions of great importance and great difficulty, and much may depend on the temper in which we approach them. The relevant provisions of international law are neither well established nor well defined, and to adopt a narrowly legalistic attitude might be almost as fatal as mere backing of our own side. On the other hand, a settlement based on broad principles of law and policy should go far to remove possibilities of future friction.

The facts are quite simple. On April 17th the Supreme Court of the United States decided, by a majority, that under the National Prohibition Act "it is unlawful for any vessel, either foreign or domestic, to bring within the United States or within the territorial waters thereof any (intoxicating) liquors whatever for beverage purposes." The minority dissented on the ground that the decision would interfere unduly with the rights of other States and lead to international friction. Regulations carrying the decision into effect will become operative on June 10th. Protests against the decision have been lodged by the British, French, Italian, Spanish, and Dutch Governments. The main purpose of the British Note, as defined by the Embassy statement, was to draw attention to the great importance, in international intercourse, of any application of domestic laws to foreign shipping, and to express the hope that the United States would discuss the matter with the maritime Powers. The attitude of the British shipping companies, as indicated by the Chamber of Shipping and by Sir Ashley Sparkes, the New York Director of the Cunard Line, appears to be that they will make no attempt to force the issue, but will leave the matter to be decided between the Governments.

This attitude is unquestionably correct, for it is highly important that all consideration of private interests should be, so far as possible, eliminated on both sides. It is obvious that if foreign shipping remains "wet" while American ships are compulsorily "dry," the American lines will be placed at a disadvantage in competition for the passenger traffic, and Americans are already acutely sensitive to any reactions in this country to the vast expansion of their mercantile marine. Neither British nor American interests, however, can be allowed to determine the issue, nor is that issue affected either by dislike or by approval of Prohibition. What is in question is the extent to which any State is entitled to enforce its domestic legislation on foreign ships entering its territorial waters.

The tendency in recent years has been rather to increase than to diminish the fullness of sovereignty that each State is recognized as possessing over those littoral waters and inlets the control of which is essential to its safety, and of which the three-mile limit is the most common, though by no means the universally recognized boundary. Such sovereignty, however, is subject to the right of innocent navigation of territorial waters by foreign merchant ships, and such ships, when within the ports or territorial waters of a State, enjoy in practice a varying degree of immunity from the local jurisdiction. How far such immunity extends, and how far it

has been definitely incorporated into international law, is a question on which the authorities differ.

The extreme view of the concurrent jurisdiction conferred by the flag is that which regards ships as floating portions of the country to which they belong, carrying with them the jurisdiction and authority of its laws. This view, it is interesting to remember, was specifically adopted by the United States in the case of the "*Creole*," in Webster's argument that slaves on an American ship in British waters did not fall under the operation of British law. It has always been denied by leading British jurists, and is inconsistent both with admitted belligerent rights, and with the fact that ships in foreign ports are universally admitted to be subject to local jurisdiction in all points affecting the interests of the country concerned. Probably the most reasonable interpretation is that frequently followed by the French Courts, which regards the local jurisdiction as confined to acts affecting the peace or public order of the port, leaving acts touching only the internal order of the ship to the jurisdiction of the flag.

That the American Government are entitled to take all necessary measures to prevent the smuggling of liquor into the United States is beyond question. On strictly legal principles there is an arguable case for their right to prohibit the consumption of intoxicants within their territorial waters, and for that purpose to insist on all stocks being sealed on entering the three-mile limit. Hall, indeed, points out that "the interests of the State are confined to acts taking effect outside the ship," and is of opinion that wise policy would exclude local jurisdiction over acts producing no effect beyond the vessel; but he does not venture to lay it down as an established principle. It must be admitted, however, that even a decree prohibiting the consumption of intoxicants on board ship would raise a very awkward question of concurrent jurisdiction, since on many foreign vessels the master is bound by his own law to serve out a wine ration to the crew.

The actual decision goes much further. In practice, its effect is that all west-bound ships must dump their remaining stocks before entering the three-mile limit, and that all east-bound ships must remain dry throughout their voyage, the only alternative being to call at a Canadian port for the purpose of landing and replacing supplies. Thus the liberties of ships outside territorial waters are affected, and the decision amounts to a projection of American sovereignty over the high seas. The absurdity of the position is exposed by the Bill introduced by Lieutenant-Colonel Courthope to compel all ships to supply intoxicants within British territorial waters, and all ships leaving British ports to carry intoxicants sufficient for the reasonable requirements of passengers throughout the voyage. There is no need to take the Bill seriously; but as a matter of international law it stands on exactly the same basis as the American regulations, and if both measures were simultaneously enforced, the effect would be to stop all traffic between the two countries. The American decision, indeed, smacks a little too much of the arguments by which the Ship Subsidy Bill was supported; both reveal an implicit claim that all traffic either originating or terminating at an American port is a purely domestic concern, and a failure to realize the bilateral character of international trade.

Lord Phillimore has recently argued with great cogency the importance of the United States acceding to the Permanent Court of International Justice, and it has been suggested that the whole question should be submitted to this Court for an advisory opinion. Such an

opinion would unquestionably have great value in clearing up the present position; but it seems likely that we shall need to make as well as to interpret law, if the issues involved are to be finally settled. What is needed is a clear definition of jurisdiction in territorial waters that will protect the legitimate domestic interests of States, without laying shackles on international traffic, or permitting the possibility of friction arising from an ambiguous duality of control. The issues are so important that it would be a thousand pities if the present difficulty were settled by any compromise that left the question of principle undecided. The British Government have unquestionably adopted the right line in proposing discussion between the United States and other maritime Powers; but it will be a great misfortune if they do not go further, and persuade the United States to join them in calling an international conference on the whole question of territorial jurisdiction at sea. For it is not only the rights over territorial waters that are in dispute, but their extent. It is impossible to allow the Russian claim for any State to fix for itself the limits of its sovereignty, but the three-mile limit, though generally accepted in practice, has no clear universal sanction, and is frequently doubtful in its application. Both the general rule and its application to territorial inlets, such as the Gulf of Cutch, and the channel between India and Ceylon, require to be put on a firmer basis. The difficulties are unquestionably great; but navigational questions are of such paramount importance in modern international relations that they cannot be left in a condition of uncertainty. As Sir Henry Duke said the other day at the Grotius Society, there is no greater security for peace than, by the international settlement of thorny questions, to enlarge the boundaries of law.

THE TRADE BOARDS BILL.

THE abundant crop of social legislation produced by Parliament in the decade before the war comprised no measure which met with more general approval than the Trade Boards Act of 1909. The unsparing efforts of many generations of social reformers from Kingsley to Dilke had awakened the public conscience to the "sweating" evil, and a formidable array of evidence had convinced even the most doctrinaire that unrestrained competition, applied to the poorer and more helpless classes of workers, meant exploitation,—the payment of wages not only miserably low, but lower than the industries concerned could well afford to pay. To combat this evil the Trade Board system was instituted, applying in the first instance to only four trades, but extended in 1913 so as to cover some half a million workpeople.

A second Act, passed in 1918, greatly facilitated the formation of Trade Boards; and the system was rapidly extended in the boom years following the Armistice, until about three million workpeople were included within its scope. With the slump in trade, however, difficulties arose; the Trade Board machinery was too cumbersome to permit of wages being speedily reduced when the altered trade conditions made this necessary; and an agitation sprang up against the system, revealing in some quarters a strong desire to sweep away the Trade Boards altogether, or to render them of no account. It was in response to this agitation that the Cave Committee was set up in 1921; and, in the circumstances, a compromise Report, preserving the Trade Boards, but limiting their scope and effectiveness,

seemed about the best result that could be hoped for. To a hasty glance, the Cave Report, which forms the basis of the Government's present Bill, bore the marks of just such a compromise; and it is, therefore, not unnatural that there should be a tendency in Labour and some Liberal circles to denounce the Bill as a retrograde measure.

Such an attitude is, we hold, mistaken. In its essentials, the Cave Report was no unsatisfactory compromise, patched up between two opposing schools of thought, but a coherent plan based upon clearly formulated principles. If it were adopted in its entirety, it would tend to promote rather than to hamper the development of the Trade Board system. In fact, the Government's Bill departs in one vital particular from the recommendations of the Cave Committee; and it is of the utmost importance that it should be amended in this respect. But, if this is done, the Bill will represent, in our opinion, a step forward, rather than a step back.

The main principle of the Bill is the distinction which it draws between "general rates" and "grade rates." A "general rate" is a true minimum wage for the trade concerned, and will thus affect in practice only the lowest-paid classes of workers. For determining and enforcing such rates, no change is proposed in the existing procedure. They are to be fixed (subject to the confirmation of the Minister of Labour) by a simple majority of the whole Board, and are to be enforceable by the Criminal Law. It is true that under this section a Trade Board can no longer fix piece-rates (except for home-workers), but only a general time-rate; and the task is thrown upon the inspectors of the Ministry of Labour of ascertaining that the piece-rates paid in any establishment are sufficient to yield this time-rate to an ordinary worker. But the criticism that this will weaken the effectiveness of the minimum rates is ill-informed. In practice, most of the existing Boards even in piece-work trades have protected piece-workers, not by fixing actual piece-rates, but by this device of fixing a time basis. There is no difficulty in proving whether or not the actual rates are yielding the statutory rate of earnings.

It was for the establishment of minimum rates for low-paid workers that the Trade Board system was originally designed. But, in the years following the war, there was a marked tendency for Trade Boards to extend their functions beyond these limits, and to fix a series of rates for the more skilled occupations. The Bill provides that, in such cases, the Board may fix a "grade rate"; but only by a vote in which both a majority of the employers' and a majority of the workers' representatives concur, *i.e.*, by mutual agreement between the two sides. Grade rates, moreover, are only to be enforceable as a civil right. This distinction we regard as sound, indeed as essential, if the sphere of the Trade Board system is to be further enlarged. The determination of wage-rates by a simple majority of a Trade Board often means in practice compulsory arbitration by the neutral Appointed Members. Compulsory arbitration is an appropriate method for dealing with "sweated" wages, but we should be very careful before applying it to comparatively well-paid workpeople. There are several cases in recent years in which a Trade Board has fixed foremen's wages, and in one case it was proposed to have a complete schedule for all employees up to and including assistant managers earning over £1,000 a year. To fix rates by arbitration on this universal scale, and to make their non-payment a criminal offence, is a very strong use of the coercive powers of the State. Moreover

in this, as in other matters, the multiplication of crimes defeats its object. It is impossible to create a mass of new punishable offences without elaborate formalities for the giving of individual notice, the consideration of objections, the giving of fresh notice if the objections lead to the original rate being modified; all of which mean a delay which may serve to make a rate inapplicable by the time it takes effect. The separation of "grade rates" from the Criminal Law has undoubtedly helped to make possible one of the admitted improvements of the present Bill—a reduction in the time required for the alteration of rates, "general" and "grade" alike.

It is urged that "grade rates" are not likely to be fixed where they require the mutual agreement of employers and employed; and reference is made to the voluntary Boards which have been so ineffective in the matter of agricultural wages. The analogy is misleading. There is a big difference between an agreement for fixing wages where there are no fixed points in the wages schedule at all, and fixing wages for skilled workers where there is an existing base rate for unskilled. Secondly, in the case of agriculture the present system permits any employer and his worker by specific agreement to contract out of the decisions of the Board. This will not be permitted under the proposed system, but all exceptions to the agreed rate—and there must inevitably be many—must be approved by the Trade Board itself, or in the last resort by an umpire. Thirdly, experience has proved that where an industry is partially organized and standard rates are current over a small part of it, employers are very anxious to extend these rates universally. There is thus every reason to suppose that both sides will desire to fix such rates, and, indeed, to do what they have been doing for the last two or three years, and bring their negotiated rates of wages to the Board in order that they may obtain legal sanction. There remains, however, the question whether the rates so fixed will be effective. In unorganized trades, many of which are scattered over both town and country, it is evident that the individual will not dare to sue his employer for arrears of wages. It is essential that the inspector of the Ministry of Labour, who will, in any case, examine the employers' books to see whether the minimum wage is being paid, should be authorized to sue on behalf of any worker if he finds that these agreed rates other than the minimum are not being paid. Unfortunately, the Government, which in other respects has adopted the Cave Committee's Report, has omitted this vital provision from its Bill. Without it the virtue of fixing the "grade rates" would be largely gone. The Liberal and Labour Parties should only support the Bill on the condition that the whole scheme of the Cave Report is restored by inserting this vital clause.

The Trade Boards Act of 1918 sprang, together with the Joint Industrial Councils, from the Report of the famous Whitley Committee. The Whitley Committee found in existence two radically different systems of wage settlement: at one end of the industrial scale collective bargaining between organized labour and capital, independent, and indeed resentful, of State intervention; at the other end the State determination of wages through Trade Boards,—between them a large mass of trades where no system of any kind existed. The Committee sought to bridge this gulf by means of the Joint Industrial Councils, which were designed to foster collective bargaining where it was weak and to equip it with regular means of conciliation. They regarded the Trade Boards as a temporary device, essential for an industry so long as there was no organization, but which they hoped it would grow out of in the course

of time; and they expected a tendency for Trade Boards to apply for transformation into Industrial Councils. The actual tendency has been precisely the reverse. Joint Industrial Councils, lacking any sanctions for their decisions, have applied for Trade Board powers; and proposals have been made which would extend the Trade Board system to approximately one-third of the wage-earning community.

It is because we should welcome an extension of the Trade Board system and an enlargement of its functions beyond the prevention of "sweating" that we attach importance to the principles of the Cave Report. It is now plain that it is to the Trade Boards that we must look to bridge the gulf between highly organized and "sweated" industry. But it is idle to suppose that this object can be secured if the extension of Trade Boards means the indefinite extension of compulsory arbitration, backed by the Criminal Law. It is far wiser to recast the system on lines which will encourage responsible organization among both employers and employed, which will direct these organized bodies towards agreement rather than discord by providing the apparatus and atmosphere of conciliation, which will endow their agreements with effective but not excessive sanctions, and which will leave intact minimum rates, fixed, if need be, by arbitration, as the basis on which the superstructure of higher wages can be reared. It should not be forgotten that the Cave Report was unanimous, signed, among others, by three trade unionists who have had wide experience of industrial conciliation in the iron and steel, cotton, and boot and shoe trades. There is no reason to suppose that these members assented grudgingly to the Report; it is more probable that they played an active part in shaping what they regarded as a constructive document, and that they knew what they were about.

THE RUHR AND THE RHINELAND.

By C. K. WEBSTER.

NEARLY one hundred and thirty years ago the greatest of the French Revolutionary generals was advising the Directory not to annex the Rhineland. This interesting fact, little known to historians, was told to me the other day by a brilliant and scholarly Frenchman who was facing the same problem which Hoche failed to solve. If you think that it has nothing to do with Essen and the Reparations problem you make a great mistake. For though it is true that M. Poincaré declares that the occupation of the Ruhr has nothing to do with the question of the Left Bank of the Rhine, nobody believes him. Almost everyone whom I have met during the last fortnight in the Rhineland and the Ruhr, whether French, German, or British, official or private person, business man or workman, clerical or secular, considers that the Ruhr Occupation is bound up with the question of "Security."

If this is so it emphasizes the fact, which most people can now see fairly plainly, that the question of Reparations is a political and not an economic one. Only when a political atmosphere is created in which certain economic truths can be admitted will the Politicians and their constituents listen to the Economists—at any rate, in France. The force that keeps M. Poincaré in the Ruhr is not the interests of the Comité des Forges (which, by the way, appears to be by no means united on this question), but the vague but intensely strong desire of the French people for Security.

The Occupation itself is something unique in history, at once disconcerting and diverting, and containing in it the possibilities of a tragedy so profound that its authors and victims alike refuse even to consider it. At Dortmund and Essen you may see great towns in the possession of a handful of soldiers. The police have been expelled, and for a short time, in Essen at any rate, it seemed as if disorder would prevail. But the natural discipline and self-restraint of the Germans and the skill and tenacity of the French, whose first flirtation with the Communists did not last long, have triumphed, and the Occupation proceeds in the midst of a passive resistance which is complete because it springs from the masses themselves.*

The Occupation of the Ruhr is not a strategic proposition—the reason, no doubt, why Foch disapproves of it. It is, indeed, no "Occupation" at all, but a ring of customs posts and the policing of a railway route. There is, naturally, a massed reserve at hand, but in Wigan or South Wales such conditions could not last a week. Nor can they last indefinitely in the Ruhr. Such a situation attracts to itself all kinds of bad elements. I admire greatly the way in which the French soldiers have performed a repugnant and, indeed, impossible task. They feel degraded in turning their bayonets into coal-picks. Nevertheless, they will continue their scientific and logical "exploitation," however meagre its results, until a solution or a catastrophe creates a new situation.

The position of the British soldier and official in the face of this situation, which their Government disapproved, was extraordinarily difficult. They have done wonders. Theoretically there should be no difference between the zones occupied by the soldiers of the various countries. There is one Army of Occupation and one High Commission. Actually some of the most offensive and humiliating measures which emanate from Coblenz or Düsseldorf do not run in the British zone. Cologne is a centre of German propaganda, skilfully handled, and is in close touch with Berlin. At Düsseldorf an equally well-organized system provides the French correspondents and one or two British newspapers with a select supply of news without the trouble of hunting for it in the Ruhr.

British officials and soldiers sometimes accuse one another of being pro-German or pro-French, but they have managed as a body to preserve an attitude of benevolence towards both parties. Certainly the Germans profess, and I believe sincerely, great gratitude towards them, while they have managed also to keep on good terms with the French. Both sides, indeed, see in our intervention a solution—but they desire it to be wholly on their own side. "If only England would assert herself!" is the cry continually heard; but in the one case it means approving Occupation and smashing the German will to resist, and in the other standing up to the French and reminding them that they did not win the war by themselves. Here, surely, is a position of which a diplomatist might take advantage with the exercise of a little courage and tact!

For it is true that without some outside help there can be no real solution. When matters have gone as far as this, it is the minorities that count. Even if the majority of the Ruhr workers agreed to submit to the French, there would always be a powerful minority disturbing the settlement. Nor are M. Poincaré and his Chamber likely to repent in a night. Opinion is slowly moving Left in France, and that victorious opposition,

* Since this article has been written serious Communist outbreaks have occurred in the Ruhr, but it may be doubted if they are welcome to the French.

which suddenly appears out of nowhere, is possibly nearer than we imagine. But hardly yet—and if Poincaré falls it may be Barthou or Tardieu who succeeds.

We have, therefore, a terrible responsibility for a situation which we helped to create. Yet I doubt if we can do very much by ourselves. We cannot offer France a security based on a joint military control of Europe, because we do not believe in it, and France knows that very well. She presses the German partly, indeed, to sate her least praiseworthy emotions, but partly also because she feels alone against him. She knows that she has lost for ever the kind of British support which she really wanted, one animated by an emotion and will similar to her own. Yet France is very sensitive to her moral isolation. It is no real consolation to her to boast that Brussels and Warsaw are on her side when she knows that London, Rome, and Washington disapprove. She wants powerful friends who sympathize rather than satellites who have no alternative but to agree. I believe that if a chance be offered her she will give up much to feel once more that she is not "misunderstood" by the other Great Powers.

The Germans see in our intervention their only hope. Yet they admit, most of them, that a rupture between us and France would do them no good. They are apt, indeed, to ignore completely the existence in England of that strong and influential minority which shares the French feelings and subordinates common sense to them. But they, too, would, I think, give up much if they could be assured of the certainty of British co-operation and know that they would not be left alone to bear, disarmed, the brunt of France's fury at our desertion.

It is at this stage of the argument that an Englishman instinctively turns towards some form of international control. Needless to say, neither the French nor the Germans were ever the first to mention the League in a discussion. To most Frenchmen the League is only an auxiliary organization not designed to touch such profundities as Reparations; to most Germans it is a French machine, a weapon to trick and humiliate Germany. Nevertheless, the reactions of both sides towards it were immediate and far from unsatisfactory when reached by this route. When the Frenchman was told that only by means of the League could he obtain from the British public a real interest in and a real responsibility for his western frontier, he was prepared to try and restate his demands in the terms of the Covenant. A German was, naturally, more suspicious. He pointed to the Saar—and evinced intense disgust. At the same time, he had no answer to the argument that without the League the Saar would be now legally French territory and the British House of Commons unable to discuss any iniquities there perpetrated. And when the German was faced with the same dilemma as the Frenchman, *viz.*, a naked French military occupation without moral sanction, or International Control of the Left Bank under the League, he was not slow in showing his preference. And, in fact, these are surely the only alternatives that exist.

The internationalization of the Left Bank of the Rhine, under a Commission responsible to a League of Nations of which Germany is a member, is, I believe, the best way of getting France quickly out of the Ruhr.

The huge Army of Occupation could then be replaced by a "gendarmerie" merely sufficient to keep order, and the money saved go towards Reparations. Schemes somewhat similar, but depending on an alliance which has now practically ceased to exist, have long been in the portfolios of those Frenchmen most inti-

mately concerned with this question. Only the League can give life to such schemes. Can French public opinion be induced to support League control which implies a very real international supervision? I believe it can, under one condition: the permanent detachment of the Left Bank from Prussia and its recognition as an independent State of the Reich.

This delicate question I have discussed with both Prussians and Rhinelanders. One of my Prussian friends, for whose sincere and wise patriotism I have a great respect, gave me many powerful arguments against it. The effect of such a process on Prussia as a whole cannot, indeed, be calculated, and there may be many indirect effects. Nevertheless, I believe that Prussia would consent to this sacrifice in order to preserve the Left Bank for the Reich. The majority of the inhabitants are at this moment against it, though there has always been a strong minority for it, which only French intransigence has reduced to insignificance. But the Rhinelanders must have some guarantee that he is not to be made into a Frenchman after all—and no one can give him that guarantee but the League.

As for Reparations, what is the difference between thirty and fifty milliards compared to the Security of France? The French soldier and railwayman is not going to stay in the Ruhr for the *beaux yeux* of the Lorraine iron-owners. As soon as there is a chance of a political solution the politicians on both sides will allow the complicated economic solutions to be discussed by men who understand them, and a settlement will soon be obtained. Will there be found a British statesman cool and skilful enough to make such a solution possible? He must act quickly, boldly, and explicitly. That will, at any rate, be a new kind of diplomacy.

LIFE AND POLITICS

SINCE Lord Randolph Churchill "forgot Goschen" there has been no Ministerial appointment so unexpected as that of Mr. McKenna. The Chamberlainites may well have thought that they could dictate terms to Mr. Baldwin or leave him with no adequate Chancellor of the Exchequer. By a bold stroke he has strengthened his Government considerably, reassured the City as to his soundness (according to the City's standards) on finance and economy, and shown the Conservative ex-Ministers that they are by no means indispensable. Possibly the Diehards may feel rather uncomfortable at the accession of Mr. McKenna and Lord Robert Cecil. If the new Prime Minister, who is still a dark horse, chooses to pursue a Whig policy of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform, his latest recruits will enable him to keep his house in order. A Liberal may be permitted to have mixed emotions on this matter. Mr. McKenna is not the first man whom age and prosperity have guided into the Tory fold. Even his late comrades will part from him without asperity so long as he frankly confesses both to the world and to himself that his opinions have changed. What is difficult to accept in these cases is the suggestion of the *homme nécessaire* with a grand gesture saving his country at the expense of his old comrades and his old faith. The times are too serious, however, for such feelings to be predominant. It is all to the good that those who will be responsible for the affairs of the country during the coming months should include men of tried ability and broad views,—especially on international issues.

How will Lord Robert Cecil get on with his new colleagues? For a time it looked as though he would join the Liberal Party. His overtures to Lord Grey are not yet ancient history. He has even shown leanings towards the Labour Party. But his temperament is that of the old Conservatives. He has that attachment to our traditional institutions which is lacking in men like Mr. Bonar Law. It was only when Conservatism became identified with Jingoism, under the influence of free-lances like Disraeli and Joseph Chamberlain, that the Cecils grew restive. International peace, always a main object of his father's policy, has become the guiding star of Lord Robert, and this passion is indissolubly linked in his mind with the League of Nations. It may be taken for granted that he would not have entered the Government unless he believed that by doing so he could best serve the cause of the League. It remains to be seen whether he has made a wise decision.

Mr. J. C. C. DAVIDSON takes a big step up into the office of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. It is a remarkable case of a Civil Servant leaping almost straight into office. Mr. Davidson left Pembroke College, Cambridge, in 1910 for the Colonial Office, where he was secretary successively to Lord Crewe, Lord Harcourt, and Mr. Bonar Law. Following Mr. Bonar Law to the Treasury, he has served him devotedly ever since. In November, 1920, Mr. Davidson abandoned the Civil Service for the House of Commons, acting thenceforward as Parliamentary Private Secretary to his old chief. Mr. Davidson has twelve years' intimate experience of high politics, and has passed triumphantly through many testing experiences. His new post is, of course, a sinecure, but although John Bright described its occupant as "maid-of-all-work" to the Government, the fact that he and other eminent Elder Statesmen have held it gives it prestige. The new Chancellor is a Younger Statesman, and his career will be watched with interest.

AN "Old Tory" writes:—

"Lord Chaplin's passing away from the scene of English life is universally regretted, for he was thoroughly representative of a bygone day in very many walks of politics and society and sport. Dying an octogenarian, he had remained a Tory, a Protectionist, a Bimetallist, and a Unionist to the end. He had a natural gift of language, and could speak fluently, after careful preparation, in the old, grand manner, but he was not a successful debater in the cut-and-thrust of Parliamentary warfare. 'Punch' loved to represent him in many phases, and no one enjoyed it more than himself. In Lincolnshire, his native county, he was the most popular squire ever known, for he spent his large, almost princely income right royally. He hunted his own hounds, sometimes six days a week, and won the most sensational Derby of a lifetime. He was a good shot, but played no outdoor games. He was fond of a good dinner, and kept a cellar of wine which Royalty might envy—and he maintained an open house in Blankney with Elizabethan hospitality; but, oddly enough, he never smoked. He was large in stature, and all his views of life were on a big scale. It is not surprising that he was the darling of the Upper Ten. His friends were legion, and to them he was always 'Harry Chaplin' or 'The Squire.' There was no haughtiness in his make-up. He spent a million of money, and died, alas! a peer, leaving a remembrance of a remarkable personality which will endure for many generations."

It is, æsthetically, very pleasant to see His Majesty's Minister to Athens still walking about the London squares, but it is hardly a compliment to Mr. Lindley to suggest that that is the sphere in which he is best capable of serving the country's interests. It is now a good six months since Lord Curzon directed him to evacuate his legation as a protest against the execution of the Greek Ministers. If Mr. Hodgson is to be allowed to continue undisturbed at Moscow (which seems, fortunately, to be the case) the Athens policy becomes too portentous a gesture altogether. Greece has shown herself so essentially reasonable over the Karagatch settlement that the Foreign Secretary might surely seize the opportunity to let bygones be bygones. His colleague the Home Secretary could be counted on to give that laudable principle his fullest support.

THE weather which condemns cricketers to spend more time in the pavilion than in the field gives, at any rate, ample opportunity for the discussion of such perennial topics as the championship points system and the law of leg-before-wicket. Mr. R. H. Lyttelton recently started a new hare by his proposals in the "Westminster Gazette" with regard to the University Match. Briefly, Mr. Lyttelton suggests that qualification to play in the match should be restricted to men actually in residence, should be restricted to three, instead of four years from the date of coming up, and should be subject to an age limit. The two latter proposals are, of course, related to the facts that three years' residence is the normal course at Cambridge, as compared with four at Oxford, and that Rhodes scholars, such as P. R. Le Couteur, are frequently some years older than their contemporaries; so that Mr. Lyttelton's disclaimer

of any Cambridge bias is somewhat naïve. Whatever the abstract justice of the proposition, most cricketers will feel that the spirit of the 'Varsity Match is opposed to any unnecessary multiplication of rules. The hardship, if any, is not serious; many young freshmen have made cricket history, and it would seem strange to think of an A. G. Steel as requiring a weight-for-age handicap.

FOR a brief confession of faith, or lack of faith, it would be hard to beat this from "Letters of Stephen Reynolds":—

"I don't in the least know what faith I live by. Don't want to know. I suppose Wordsworth's 'Lines Written above Tintern Abbey,' 88-111, come somewhere near, though it seems to me that a faith which can be put into words isn't a faith, but merely a belief. If there's another life, well and good. If there isn't, well and good again. That's how 'twill be, whether 'tis or not. I shall know somewhen, or cease knowing altogether. Meanwhile, there's a lot else to do; life to be lived as much and as well as possible.

"The Bible, as a supernatural revelation of fact—I don't believe a word of it. But I notice that when one has thought and felt much about anything, it is always a phrase from the Bible that leaps up to embody one's conclusion. Hence, it seems to me that the Bible, while worthless as factual knowledge, is beyond price—and beyond argument—as a depository of ancient human wisdom. But it seems to me, too, that in this so-called scientific age, knowledge and facts are absurdly exalted at the expense of wisdom. Facts are tools for wise men to command. . . . That, however, isn't answering your question. I haven't, because I can't."

OMICRON.

FRAGMENTS FROM MY DIARY.

By MAXIM GORKY.

THE SEXTON BODRIAGIN.

WHEN I presented the shaggy, one-eyed sexton, Bodriagin, with the long-coveted harmonium, he pressed his right hand hard against his heart and, glowing with pleasure, closing his solitary, gentle, and at times uncanny eye, said to me:—

"Oh! . . ."

Stifled by emotion, he shook his bald head and murmured in one breath:—

"Anyhow, Leksy Maksimich, you may be sure I'll take good care of you when you're dead."

He used to take his harmonium with him even when digging the graves, and, when tired of working, would lovingly and softly play a polka of some kind on it. At times he called it "Trang-blanc" with a French "twang," at others "Darn-blarn." It was the only piece of music he knew how to play.

It happened one day that he started playing it at the moment when the priest was officiating at a requiem almost at his side. When he had finished, the priest called up Bodriagin and abused him:—

"You insult the dead, you swine."

Bodriagin complained to me:—

"Well, I'll admit I was wrong, but, all the same, what does he know about what the deceased can be offended at?"

He was convinced that hell did not exist. The souls of the righteous after the death of their bodies flew into a "Holy Paradise," while the souls of the sinners, remaining in their bodies, lived in the graves until their bodies were eaten by worms. "After that," he said, "the earth breathes the soul out to the wind, and the wind scatters it about in insensible dust."

When the body of the six-year-old little girl Nikolaeva, whom I had loved so much, had been buried and the people had dispersed from the cemetery, Kostia Bodriagin levelled the mound of clay with his spade and tried to console me:—

"Don't you fret, my friend. Perhaps one uses other words when one speaks in that other world, better words than ours and more cheerful ones. And maybe they don't use any words at all, but just play on the 'violin'."

His love of music was such that it made him forget himself in an absurd and dangerous manner: at the sound of a military band, a barrel-organ, or a piano, he would prick up his ears, stretch out his neck in the direction from which the sound came, his hands clasped behind his back, and he would stand motionless, his dark eye wide-open, as though he were listening with it. This often happened to him in the street, and twice

he was knocked down by horses, and many times struck by the cabmen, as he stood there enthralled, deaf to the cries of warning, and heedless of danger.

He explained: "When I hear music, it's as though I dived to the bottom of the river."

He had "an affair" with the churchyard beggar, Sorokina, a drunkard who was fifteen years his senior, and he was over forty himself.

"What do you do it for?" I asked.

"Well—who will console 'er? There's no one to do it 'cept me. And as for me—I love to console all the inconsolable. I've no sorrow of my own—well—so I help to surmount that of others. . . ."

We stood talking under a birch-tree, drenched by a sudden June shower. Kostia was thrilled with delight by the rain falling on his bald, angular skull, and muttered: "I like it when my word serves to dry a tear. . . ."

He evidently suffered from cancer of the stomach, for he exhaled the rotten smell of a corpse, could eat nothing, suffered from attacks of vomiting; but in spite of all that, he went on working steadily, gaily walked about the graveyard, and died playing at cards with the other sexton.

THE FRENCH THEATRE.

"FRANCE has only Copeau." Thus Mr. MacGowan in his "European Stagecraft," published last February. Now three, or even two, years ago such a sweeping indictment of the French theatre might not have been guilty of very gross exaggeration. But to-day it will not stand; and the recent progress is none the less healthy for remaining comparatively free from the atmosphere of sensationalism, *réclame*, and jargon which envelops the contemporary work of Central Europe. At least it may be said of Paris, as of no other city in Europe, that a month of evenings may be spent there consecutively at the theatre without exhausting the list of interesting productions.

Most extraordinary, perhaps, is the range of the Parisian repertory. The net is stretched so wide that it embraces representative specimens of nearly all drama past and present. The English, who do not, even at tercentenaries, revive their own classical plays, have the consistency (or is it shame?) not to tamper with those of other nations. But the French, not content with regular performances of Corneille, Racine, Molière, and Regnard, are making bold this season with Sophocles, Shakespeare, Calderon, and Lope de Vega. Moreover, the current programmes of the State theatres, of the Maison de l'Œuvre, of the Vieux Colombier, and of the Atelier, contain samples of the work of such modern playwrights as Ibsen, Strindberg, Björnson, Maeterlinck, Shaw, and D'Annunzio; and, to supplement her own resources, Paris has welcomed within the last two months at least three foreign companies: the Kamerny Theatre in "Salomé," "Phèdre," and other plays; Paul Reumert, the Dane, in "Le Professeur Klenow," by Mme. Karem Bramson; and the Pitoëffs (if they still count as foreigners) in Tolstói's "The Power of Darkness" and Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author." The modern drama of Central Europe alone would appear to be ignored; but *that*, after all, will not fail for lack of advertisement.

If stagecraft does not always rise to the level of the repertory, the theatres of Paris can at least offer a unique historical panorama of many generations of stage conventions. That tradition is religiously preserved in the presentment of French classical tragedy goes without saying. But even the age of dramatic imbecility is faithfully reconstructed in such performances as that of Daudet's "L'Arlésienne" at the Odéon. You may not be able to sit out the full five acts of this preposterous melodrama, with its fatuous scenery and quite appropriate acting, but for the first two, at any rate, you gaze with curiosity and astonishment as at a well-preserved specimen of some long-extinct monster framed in a museum. Nor does such a revival offer a fair example of the activities of the State theatres in connection with modern drama. It is, indeed, fashionable among superior persons to sneer at the Comédie Française for the antiquity of its style—and, for that matter, of its actors as well. But if you want to see the substance of sincerity sacrificed to the shadow of tradition you must visit, rather, some of the long-established private theatres. Instances abound. But the Comédie is making concessions to the age. As M. Maurice Boissard observes in "La Nouvelle Revue Française" of a recent production:—

"Songez encore que, dans une scène, on voit arriver un boucher, en costume de boucher, avec la voix d'un boucher, les manières d'un boucher. Je ne crois pas exagérer en disant qu'il y a vingt-cinq ans cela n'eût pas été possible à ce théâtre."

Twenty-five years ago? There's the exaggeration. Ten would have been nearer the mark. Undeniably, in acting, at all events, the Comédie can still hold its own.

And, if the atmosphere of the Palais Royal is too old-fashioned, too reminiscent in some ways of the close of the nineteenth century, for your tastes, you will find at the Maison de l'Œuvre a really "advanced" theatre of the first decade of the twentieth. It was founded (prematurely) in 1893 by serious people, and it takes itself seriously. It retains the traces of a subscription theatre by putting you to the inconvenience of having to buy five tickets in order to secure admission; the programme opens with a kind of psalm or creed, beginning:—

"L'ŒUVRE est seule et ne ressemble à rien,
L'ŒUVRE est seule, toujours en avant,"

and it devotes itself dutifully to the drama of ideas. Shaw, you feel deliciously, is here a new and rather naughty discovery. And were you to complain of the scenery as a little dowdy—"How can that possibly matter in *really* intellectual plays?" would be the answer. Pathetic, this pioneering in well-worn, if not out-worn, paths? Perhaps, but noble also in its earnestness.

The Vieux Colombier may be taken as the representative of the second decade of this century. True, it was only founded in 1913, and the war robbed it of its best years, but already the dust on its dull, grey curtain is becoming symbolic. M. Copeau has made his reputation, and is lying on it. Recently he has lost (only temporarily, let us hope) the services of M. Juvet, artist and actor, who alone, perhaps, contributed colour and imagination to supplement his director's literary sense. For the general tone of the theatre is drab. Drab is the ingenious, permanent setting; drab the walls, the curtain, the dresses; and drab even the acting in its perfection of realism. In such plays as "Paquebot Tenacity" and "La folle Journée" "naturalism" is carried to its logical conclusion. The audience are eavesdroppers peeping through a keyhole; the fourth wall might just as well be there; and one is reminded of the

story of the cook who declared, on returning from her first visit to the theatre, that she had liked the music at the start and the picture in front of her (only there is no design on this curtain and no overture in this theatre), but that, when the picture went up and people came into the room to discuss their private affairs, she felt somehow she had no business to be there. It is magnificent, but it is not acting. When the company attacks plays which do not admit of realistic treatment, it passes out of its element. It loses sureness of touch. It seems not quite to know what it *wants* to do, much less how to do it. Even in André Gide's "Saül," on the whole a sound production of a very fine play, this note of uncertainty was evident. In "Twelfth Night," while the Viola-Olivia-ducal scenes are sweetened till they cloy, the Malvolio-Belch-Aguecheek passages break into a disorganized romp, and comedy between two stools collapses.

The Kamerny Theatre was founded, one gathers, in revolt against the realism à outrance of the Moscow Art Theatre. The reception of the company at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées in March showed that Paris was alive to the more recent tendencies of modern stagecraft. Interesting as these performances were, they hardly justified the voice-crying-in-the-wilderness propaganda with which this "mission" to the West has in some quarters been heralded. The mountain, for all its noisy labouring, gave birth to a very ordinary mouse. The breaking up of stage levels with steps and platforms is at least as old as Mr. Craig; and with bold colour schemes we were familiarized by M. Bakst and the Russian Ballet before the war. It is in histrionic technique, if anywhere, that M. Tairoff has something new to show us—not in the acting of his principals, who were not very impressive, but in the meticulous care expended on every detail of the movements of supers. Their slow but continuous rhythmic gesturing, the ever-changing pose of their bodies—all this was very beautiful in itself, but it provoked too much attention; and when to the distraction of these physical exercises was added the ceaseless play of coloured lights, sweeping over the stage to denote (one supposes) alternating shades of mood and passion, the audience had very little concentration left for the central action of the drama. The general effect, at first pleasing, became in the end irritating even to the eye, and the Kamerny brand of "expressionism" (poor, overworked word!) left one with the abiding impression of a rather self-conscious artificiality that had failed to achieve Form.

But Paris need not rely on foreigners to point out new paths. She has adventurers of her own. L'Atelier opened its first season at the Théâtre Montmartre in October, 1922, and has already a repertory of some dozen productions of the best imaginative drama of Greece, France, Italy, and Spain. M. Dullin has gathered round him a company composed almost exclusively of young beginners. Some can hardly act, others overact (not with the heaviness of the professional, but with the naivety of the amateur), others, again, are consummate actors. And one and all know how to speak verse. The office of stage-manager would appear to pass nightly from hand to hand, and scene-shifting is conducted with a disarming artlessness that compensates for the lack of skill. The scenery, such as there is, consists of brilliant ideas very imperfectly executed, and properties are improvised out of the most unlikely material. On the first night of Arnoux's "Huon de Bordeaux" workmen even appeared on the stage in the middle of a scene, looked round to see that nothing was amiss, and disappeared again unconcernedly. The Atelier is, in

fact, a workshop. Yet the total effect of these performances, far from being disconcerting, is such as to grip the audience and to hold it spellbound. There can, for instance, be few things in the theatre to-day so moving as this company's rendering of Calderon's "La Vie est un Songe"; and the excellence of the work is rather substantiated than otherwise by the fact that the critic has difficulty in laying his finger on the precise virtues which constitute its peculiar merit. For the Atelier belongs to no particular school; it blows no trumpet; it mumbles no jargon. Realism, apparently, it does eschew. It accepts the stage frankly as a convention, and the actors do not pretend to be anything else. But it is not self-conscious about its aim. It pursues simply the direction dictated by purity of taste and virginal sincerity. As to its ultimate achievement, prophecy would be rash, for it is still in the stage of experiment. Workshop, if you will, but already something more, it stands out among the advanced theatres of to-day, if only because it draws a distinction between dramatic art and theatrical "stunts."

FRANK BIRCH.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ESSEN AND THE RUHR.

SIR,—I have recently returned from a long tour in Germany, undertaken with the object of investigating the situation in that country. I will not burden you now with my conclusions, but there is one truth which Englishmen will be glad to understand, and there is an act of elementary justice which they will willingly render to a gentleman who has been wronged.

A week before Herr Krupp von Bohlen was arrested in order to be condemned, I discussed the international situation with him. Briefly, his view, which he said was that of other great German industrialists, was that the Reparation problem was not insoluble; that Germany, having lost the war, was willing to bear the consequences; that Northern France, having been wasted by the ravages of war, must be restored, and that Germany was wishful to effect that restoration, as she had done with her own devastated regions in the East. Herr Krupp having been condemned, though Germans had been killed at Essen and not Frenchmen, it is right that his intentions and those of his friends should be made known.

I have just received a letter from an industrialist in the same district referring to the Werden sentences, which he describes as incomprehensible—"a deed of rank madness, of unmitigated terror." And who, he asks, can say what is coming next? What has come next is the horror of Gelsenkirchen and other Ruhr towns, caused by the outrages of Communists, countenanced, if not supported, by the invaders. My correspondent concludes:—

"The question again and again recurs to me: Why are men allowed to run amuck among people willing and anxious to reconstruct, but as free men and not in serfdom? The world is longing for peace; every German is clamouring for peace. How can the world look on while hatred is being sown broadcast? Well, I suppose the day will dawn sometime when the world's conscience will be aroused."

I will add nothing to these statements. They embody the views of those who have borne and bear the heaviest of responsibilities.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN LEYLAND.

SIR,—The vindictive sentence of the French Court Martial on Herr Krupp von Bohlen and his fellow-directors must surely open the eyes of the world to what the French occupation of the Ruhr means. I was at Essen a few weeks ago and had the opportunity of visiting the great factory, which, with its subsidiary works in the neighbourhood, gives employment to 50,000 workpeople. It is now entirely devoted to industrial work, and the shops where

Big Bertha was forged, and the sheds where the guns and shells of every kind were turned out, were humming with peaceful activities. The Inter-Allied Commission, presided over by Colonel Everitt, who has been living in Essen for some years, has made a most thorough job of destroying every vestige of military work in the factory. An immense amount of material was scrapped after the war, and every day the Commission visits the factory to see that nothing is being made of a warlike character.

The foremen of Krupp's were instructed to tell the men to remain passive, and the directors themselves addressed meetings with the same object, while in the shops I read appeals to the employees with the words "Nur Ruhig Bleiben" printed in large capitals. There was always the fear present to the mind of the directors that the French might invade the factories. If that happened the men were instructed to leave their work without resisting. When the French arrived on that fateful March morning to requisition motor-cars, it was believed that they had come to take over the factory, and the siren sounded as a warning signal to the workpeople to leave their posts. Hence the crowd in the narrow street outside the main works, and the panic-stricken belief of the small band of French soldiers that their lives were in danger. But if there had been any premeditated design to attack the French soldiers, it can hardly be in doubt that the corporal's guard could have been seized when they took refuge in a shed.

A visit to the Krupp garden suburbs is a revelation of what the firm has done for its employees. The housing of the workers was begun in the 'sixties, when great blocks of flats were built near the main factory. The garden suburbs, eight in number, are a great improvement on the first buildings. In all there is accommodation for nearly 7,000 families, including houses scattered about Essen and taken on lease. For single workmen there are also two barracks with 1,150 beds, and two houses for skilled workmen. A central dining-hall provides meals for 3,000 men every day, and there are smaller dining-halls to which the workpeople can take their own meals.

Who could have told the French authorities that it would be an easy task to detach the workers of such a firm from their allegiance to their employers? Who could have told them that Herr Krupp von Bohlen was regarded as a harsh and hated capitalist, whose employees would welcome the invader? Herr Stinnes and the other magnates who have made large fortunes by speculating, often at the expense of the workers of Germany, may be regarded with dislike and suspicion, but Herr Krupp and his fellow-directors who have been so unjustly sentenced to long terms of imprisonment are held in esteem and affection in Essen. Their real crime was that they refused to disobey the laws of their own country in order to assist the French to exploit the industry of the Ruhr. The real reason why the machine-guns went off, killing thirteen and wounding thirty workmen, on the day after Good Friday, was that they also refused to place themselves at the disposal of the French, and preferred to run the risk of death to slavery.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH F. SPENDER.

MINERS' WAGES.

SIR,—I notice in your issue of May 26th that it is stated that miners' wages are very low, "ranging from only 20 to 40 per cent. above pre-war."

May I be permitted to point out that this is entirely incorrect? Actual earnings at present are approximately 53 per cent. above those ruling in 1914, and when the results of the next ascertainties are known they will be considerably higher in most districts.

The interval or "lag" which elapses before the benefits of improved trade are seen in higher wages is not altogether due to the Agreement. It would probably astonish many people, most of all the miners themselves, to know that their own leaders, as members of the National Coal Board, pressed for a change in the system of ascertainment, which had the effect of increasing the "lag" from one month to two.—Yours, &c.,

Coal Industry Publications,
40, King Street, W.C. 2.

H. R. GRAHAM.

[Our figure of "20 to 40 per cent. above pre-war" is the estimate given by the "Ministry of Labour Gazette" of the

average increase in *wage-rates*; but we agree that the figure of actual earnings, which, as Mr. Graham points out, shows an average increase of 53 per cent., may give on the whole a fairer impression of the situation.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

THE SCIENCE OF MEDICINE.

SIR,—In the issue of May 19th you refer to the speech of Lord Dawson of Penn at the Medical Society's dinner, in which he spoke of the "pressing problem" of bringing the advantages of radiology, bacteriology, and chemistry within reach of the many. May I point out that the really "pressing problem" to-day is the introduction into doctors' studies, not of these collateral sciences, but of the Science of Medicine itself, that is, the knowledge of the *curative* action of medicines on the living body, in contradistinction to their merely *palliative* action taught in medical schools to-day?

I must defend the eminent specialists against the charge of not being able to diagnose disease. During a practice of forty-five years in treating exclusively cases of all chronic diseases, I have rarely found the diagnosis at fault, but knowledge of means of cure has always been woefully lacking; otherwise these unfortunate sufferers would have been cured by the diagnosticians, and would not have had to apply to me.

Radiology, bacteriology, and chemistry are of no use in the selection of curative drug-action, the only thing that matters; nor will the most elaborate diagnosis prove of any help towards cure without vastly increased knowledge of curative means.—Yours, &c.,

RAPHAEL ROCHE.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

SIR,—Either I am singularly unfortunate in my attempts to say what I mean, or reviewers do not get beyond the first three chapters of the books they review. This is my conclusion upon reading the review you published on May 19th of my book "The League of Nations To-day: Its Growth, Record, and Relation to British Foreign Policy," and I incline to the former supposition, for other reviewers, too, have stated that this is "a kind of text-book or 'First Reader' on the work of the League."

But since your reviewer goes on to urge me to write a further book that will cast light "not only upon the successes and failures of the League, but also upon the possibilities in such an international organ and its relation to national policies of the Great Power System under which, in fact, we are living," I trust you will allow me to point out that this is precisely what I have attempted to do in the present book. The whole object of my book is to urge the necessity for a British foreign policy based on the machinery and obligations brought into existence by the Covenant, as well as to give detailed suggestions on how to build up such a policy, and raw materials out of which the reader can form his own opinion. To illustrate this I have merely to point to Section 5, entitled "How to Use the League," and to Chapters XI. and XII., entitled respectively "The Need for a British Lead: How to Equip Ourselves to Give the Lead," and "A League Policy for Adjusting Relations with the Dominions and with Eastern Nations; For Bringing America and Europe Together; For a Settlement in West and East Europe; For Disarmament. A World at Peace." There is also a seven-page (small type) appendix on "The League and the Ruhr," which, while it may lose me my reviewer's encomium on the moderation of my views, should at least acquit me of failing to relate the League to the "national policies of the Great Power System."—Yours, &c.,

ROTH WILLIAMS.

c/o Messrs. Allen & Unwin, W.C.

[Mr. Roth Williams appears completely to have misunderstood the meaning of the review in question. It stated perfectly clearly and accurately the scope and contents of Mr. Williams's book. It went on, however, to point out that its scope and contents were necessarily limited by its small size, and that what was now wanted was a "more complete study of the League's activities, a detailed record of its successes and failures." Does Mr. Williams seriously claim to have given us this in 200 pages?—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

POETRY AND MALARIA.

THAT a poet and a scientist should inhabit the same body is proved to be possible by Lucretius and, some may say, by Erasmus Darwin. The phenomenon is, however, obviously a rare one. Civil servants in their spare time have been known to write good poetry, and a Prime Minister of Great Britain spent his leisure in a private laboratory among the chemicals. A well-known French novelist is also a brilliant scientist who has discovered that the whole human body is one great eye, or rather an infinite multitude of eyes, so that, if you will get into the right mental condition, you can read a newspaper with your back. Maria Edgeworth's father, himself a literary gentleman, but no poet, invented an ingenious contrivance which enabled you to *step over* walls of considerable height. Keats, of course, was a chemist, but by necessity rather than by inclination, and one finds it extremely difficult to recall instances in which poets have devoted their leisure to science or scientists their leisure to poetry.

* * *

SIR RONALD ROSS is a rare instance of the poet-scientist. His personality and his writings many years ago caught my attention, and so I opened his "Memoirs" (Murray, 24s.) with what polite letter-writers used to call "lively expectation." It was as a scientist that he first interested me, for I read his book on the prevention of malaria in the hopes that it might teach me how to rid a district in Ceylon of this scourge. So far as a layman could judge, it was an admirable work, although the district remains malarial. Then by chance, and rather to my astonishment, I found that the author of "The Prevention of Malaria" was also the author of a small book of poems, which I had read, called "Philosophies." This little book did not contain anything which could be called great poetry, but it had certain characteristics, directness, sincerity, and thoughtfulness, rarely found in bad poetry. There was also in the poems a certain impatient, passionate enthusiasm which recalled memories of extreme youth, and half-revealed a very engaging personality. It was impossible to read these two books without wishing to know something more about their author.

* * *

MEMOIRS are to the critic—who must be a close and patient observer of the animalcule called man—what the microscope is to scientists like Sir Ronald Ross. If you are rash enough to write an autobiography, you put into the hand of the cold-blooded critic a lens through which he can observe the strange forms assumed by the human mind or soul and the curious antics performed by it. The wide-spread idea that you can deduce a man's character from his books is a complete delusion, if by "books" is meant anything other than autobiography or letters. In a novel, play, poem, historical or scientific work, the author appears before us in full evening dress, often with his overcoat and opera hat, white kid-gloves on his hands and patent-leather boots on his feet, and his carefully shaved face half concealed by an eye-glass and a white silk scarf. It is impossible to see the intricate

contortions of a man's thoughts through his eye-glass and under his opera hat, or the delicate flutterings of a lady's heart through an opera cloak and evening dress. But in an autobiography or in letters people talk openly about themselves, and once they begin to do that they are lost. There is no descent to Avernus quite so easy or so headlong as that which begins with the personal pronoun "I." Begin a book with the words "I was born at X on April 1st, 1868," and before you know it you will appear before your readers in the costume of the king in Hans Andersen. The truth of these statements can be easily tested. It would have been absolutely impossible to deduce the character revealed in the "Confessions" from Rousseau's "Emile" or "Contrat Social," or that revealed in "Liber Amoris" from Hazlitt's essays, or even the autobiographical Tolstoi from "War and Peace."

* * *

SIR RONALD ROSS has, therefore, by writing his memoirs, delivered himself into the hands of both his friends and his enemies—and, as the book shows, he has both. One sees in these pages the author of "Philosophies" and the author of "The Prevention of Malaria" amalgamated into a single person, and the spectacle, if one may say so, is extremely interesting. The story of Sir Ronald's romantic quest of the parasite which causes malaria, and of how he followed it from the blood of the patient to the belly of the mosquito and again from the mosquito's proboscis to the blood of a patient, is told in great detail. I found it, like all such stories, fascinating, but not as fascinating as the other part of the book, for there takes place the synthesis of the poet and the scientist. It tells a very strange psychological story. Probably 95 per cent. of "young persons" write verses. Again, the passion for knowledge is almost as common at the age of twenty as it is rare at the age of forty. Everyone must have come across young persons in which these two characteristics are combined. The youth in a frenzy studies mathematics, history, science, art; he determines to devote his life to writing a history of the world in sixty volumes; and in his spare moments pours out an inexhaustible stream of poetry. About the age of twenty-five something breaks with a click, and he becomes a lawyer or a schoolmaster and a respectable citizen. But in very rare cases the break and the click and "normality" do not come; the undisciplined and indiscriminate passion for knowledge and the stream of second-rate verse go on into the thirties and forties. That is what happened to Sir Ronald Ross, but he differs from all the other rare cases which I have previously observed. All of them were, in fact, sterile or cranks, producing, if they did produce anything, at the age of forty or fifty an unreadable epic or a treatise on the Lost Tribes. At the age of thirty-five Sir Ronald Ross was in India inventing a new method of geometry, studying Greek and Latin, and writing poetry, when he should have been playing polo or shooting like any other Surgeon-Major in the Indian Army. Yet five years later he started on and accomplished the scientific quest which has made him famous.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

MARCHING WITH THE BAND.

Fantastica. By ROBERT NICHOLS. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)

THE most fantastic thing about "Fantastica" is the seriousness of its author, as exemplified in preface and epilogue. The chief trouble about Mr. Nichols is that he is such an ingenuous young person. It is not long since we read the published confession from his own pen that he had been a "humourless pup." But he who accuses does not necessarily excuse himself; and here, again, the reviewer's roving eye is caught by the following confession (on p. 512!):—

"How serious I have been! How much in earnest I am—sitting up to all hours of the night after a hard day's work in an uncomfortable climate in a far-off land—ignorant, unbalanced, presumptuous, determined, trying to be calm, carried away by passion, grinding at books distasteful to an artist, lacking in humour or pleasantness, conceited—justified only by one thing, by the memory of the appearance of the hideous Forward Area of Ypres."

Much of this may be true, but the "hideous Forward Area of Ypres" does not seem to us to justify the appearance of "Fantastica." And why should he do it? For Mr. Robert Nichols is at his best sufficiently good for his readers to resent a volume of this sort.

Daredevil prefaces are very much "in" this season, for only recently we were treated to the one which preceded that remarkable "Man Who Ate the Popomack," by Mr. W. J. Turner, and now we are favoured with this one from the fluent pen of Mr. Nichols. "Fantastica" starts with a preface of forty pages, full of mingled threats and excuses, self-praisings and self-denyings. It is signed by the author, and curiously endorsed by him "Tokio, as Spring breaks." After this touch of local colour we pass on to the 450 pages which compose the three tales described, rather misleadingly, by their author as "Romances of Idea," and are then arrested by a further preface of twenty pages, this time in the form of an epilogue, which concludes on a prolonged top note, with a rather rhetorical appeal to the Unknown Soldier!

But one of the excuses that Mr. Nichols puts forward has much of truth in it. He tells us of his admiration for daring and his resolve "to dare." In a timid age, when poets (for Mr. Nichols is a poet), as distinct from poet-journalists, are content to concentrate a year's work on the perfection of a few lines of poetry, our author's urgent Muse has dared to give us poem after poem, book after book. When the emotion that prompts his Muse to action is a genuine one, as it is sometimes, we are willing to forgive and forget "Mr. Gates" and the "War Poems" for the lulling beauty of "Consummation" and "The Sprig of Lime."

But Mr. Robert Nichols, over strong in emotion, whether sincere or "self-starting," is over weak in logic, self-criticism, and common sense. The last-named, though regarded by the crowd as unpoetic, is of use to any writer. His emotions are unguarded, wander, and are apt to change a little too much with the prevailing wind. For, whereas most other modern poets are either prone to let the world pass by them, to be almost too detached and intellectual, or, like the "Georgians," are content to count the tadpoles in their pool, this writer's generous Muse is for ever jumping out at the world, lecturing it, amusing it, abusing it, taking one side or the other, and usually both sides at once, in the space of a few paragraphs. But no sermon should last for more than five minutes.

Thus, at one moment we were given heroic poems, which, if not exalting war, at any rate exalted the virtues associated with it in the "minds" of those writing for the daily journals, formerly on sale for a halfpenny and now too dear by half; while the next moment he bestowed upon our astonished selves a poem such as "Invocation"—a peace-pamphlet which, even for a Conscientious Objector, would have been rather violent in expression. And soon after, in "Fantastica," he very properly, but rather ineffectively, "tells off" those very newspaper proprietors who, during the war, had instilled their views into the halfpenny-Press-grazing public, which from them had been exhaled to Mr. Nichols. Of course, to see the light, even after years have passed, is a great gift; but in these latter scoldings of financiers and newspaper proprietors are still mingled

hysterical appeals to Sorley and Grenfell, to D'Annunzio and Mussolini, and finally to the Unknown Warrior. None of these gentlemen appears to have much to do with the three stories that lie sandwiched between preface and epilogue. And yet, in spite of Mr. Nichols's contempt for newspapers and fashionable people, how admirably these appeals are calculated to please both! We remember, too, our author's romantic dramatization of himself and two other poets as "The Three Musketeers of English Poetry," a description let loose in America, and an inspired caption for those newspapers which, while despising, he yet feeds and is fed by. But we doubt whether Mr. Nichols is conscious of these contradictions, for, like a nursemaid, he cannot resist marching with any passing band—while if two bands are passing at the same moment he marches a little way with both. We are told of his contempt for the fashionable world, but every fashionable intellectual catchword of the last five years is here displayed. Psycho-analysis, tyros (a word faintly popularized by the genius of Mr. Wyndham Lewis), vortices, Dostoevsky, André Gide, Communism, Mr. Ford, St. Francis, Blake, and Shelley are all to be found muddled together in his fisher's net. And a queer haul it is! For none of them appears to have any remote connection with the stories in hand. While at the end of the book there is a breathless stop-press about Mussolini and his Fascisti (p. 513):—

"As I conclude these notes, my eye falls upon a newspaper column of belated quotation from the speech made by Signor Mussolini to the Conference of Fascisti at Naples, just prior to the order of 'general mobilization' . . . Brave, detestable, nationalistic Fascisti . . . with all your hateful imperialism, I adore you," &c., &c.

Oh, how nearly our author was behind the times! Thank heaven for a Continental edition of the "Daily Mail"!

Yet all his sermons are larded over with little compliments—an orange for Mr. Robert Graves, a small bouquet for Mr. Ralph Hodgson, a packet of chocolate for Mr. T. S. Eliot, quite a large motor-car for Mr. James Joyce, a nasty slap for Mr. Harold Monro, and some faded laurels for Miss Dorothy Richardson.

Between these sermons the three tales, though far too long, appear not a little attractive. "The Smile of the Sphinx" is the most interesting of the three, while "Golgotha & Co." is both the most ambitious and the most pretentious. For in this story the author attempts irony, and irony implies a certain detachment, while Mr. Nichols, though changing sides, is for ever on one side or the other.

OSBERT SITWELL.

TOLSTOI AND VALERIA.

Tolstoi's Love Letters. With an Essay by PAUL BIRYUKOV. Translated from the Russian by S. S. KOTELIANSKY and VIRGINIA WOOLF. (Hogarth Press. 5s.)

It is a relief to find in a book of this kind an editor who is content to let Tolstoi speak for himself. Paul Biryukov, a translation of whose "Life of Tolstoi," Vol. I., appeared in English many years ago, opens his preface by saying: "I had the great happiness to be the little friend of the great man, Leo Nickolaevich Tolstoi." This is distinctly a new note. *Gentlemen of the Press, please copy.* The Love Letters addressed by Tolstoi, 1856-7, to a young girl, Valeria Arsenev, the daughter of a neighbouring landowner, would have appeared in Biryukov's "Life" had not Countess Sophie Andreevna suddenly intervened and jealously forbidden their publication. The poor Countess! She should have smiled her acquiescence, reflecting that this record of an engagement broken by Tolstoi was a tribute to herself, her husband's maturer choice. And, in fact, the attractions of high society, stylish dress, court balls, &c., which apparently disqualified the charming Valeria for the onerous position, never turned Sophie Andreevna's girlish head.

In reading the Love Letters, now printed in *extenso*, the cautious critic will ask himself: Which Tolstoi do they represent? For he will remember the witty remark of Anne Seuron, the governess, who wrote: "It happened at times that he threw off from himself Leo Tolstoi the writer, the Count, the shoemaker, the aristocrat, and the father of a family, and became simply himself—for he, like an onion, possesses the capacity to throw off one skin after another." And the critic,

in fact, recognizes that the Love Letters to Valeria were written by Levin (the conscientious hero of "Anna Karenin"), in search of a wife possessing all the deep, durable virtues—above all, *goodness*, honesty, absolute sincerity. Marriage to this Levin-Tolstoi, aged twenty-eight, is an intensely serious affair. Even in his first letter, that of August 23rd, he takes his *fiancée* to task because she has been enthralled by the glitter of the coronation festivities: "To love high society and not man is dishonest and even dangerous, for more rubbishy people are to be met in high society than in any other society, and for you it has no value, for you are not in high society yourself." He refuses to come to Moscow to see her, and remains her "humblest and most unpleasant servant, Count L. Tolstoi." Valeria, naturally, resented the tone of this letter and would not reply until Tolstoi had apologized.

The lovers, after this, saw one another frequently at her family's house, Sudakovo; but Tolstoi decided that their love ought to be put to the test of absence, and he left for Petersburg for two months. On his way he wrote Valeria a long letter, November 2nd, declaring that there were two men in him in opposition, viz., "Your favourite, the silly man who loves you foolishly, and the good man whom you do not love. . . . If I were to surrender to your and to the silly man's feeling, I know that all that could come out of it would be a month of tumultuous happiness. I surrendered to it before I went, and I felt that I was becoming bad and dissatisfied with myself. I could only speak to you in tender absurdities of which now I am ashamed." And he gives his rules for self-improvement, so that on going to bed each night she can say: "(1) To-day I did some good to someone; (2) I myself began to live rather a better life." Instead of idealizing her after the manner of lovers, Tolstoi struggled against the delicious intoxication of love, and though he declares "an honest woman than you I have not met," and that "you are lovable, precisely lovable, an extraordinarily lovable nature," he keeps entreating her to "be sincere with me in the way that is most disadvantageous to yourself."

Valeria had made a false step by a flirtation with Mortier, a music teacher, during the coronation, and Tolstoi could not forgive her glossing over the affair. In his letter of November 12th, he draws a contrast between the ideals of Khrapovitsky (a nickname for himself) and those of "lovely Mrs. Dembitsky," i.e., Valeria, "whose happiness consists in balls, bare shoulders, a carriage, diamonds, acquaintances with chamberlains, lieutenant-generals," &c. He pictures the only life possible for both, if marriage is to be a success—"a peaceful family moral life, in the country, with three occupations: love of D. and care for her happiness, literature, and managing my own estate in the way I understand." But "lovely Mrs. Dembitsky" will not reply to him, and Tolstoi writes in anger, November 13th: "I write to you for the last time. What is the matter with you? Are you ill, or are you again ashamed of me for some reason, or are you ashamed of the relations that have been established between us? . . . An instinct has long told me that nothing will come of this except your and my unhappiness. We had better stop before it is too late." Two letters from her, "containing both charming, good, and honest things," soften him again; but the tone he now takes is much cooler, and it is evident that separation from her is already beginning to destroy her power over him. He is temporarily reassured by her "glorious, wonderful, excellent letter of November 15th," whereby it seems to him "that you love me and begin to understand life more seriously and to love good and to find pleasure in watching yourself and in going ahead on the road to perfection"; but he continues to lecture her about her conduct, habits, lack of tact, and love of dress. And in the next letter, November 28th, he returns jealously to the Mortier affair. His coldness keeps increasing, and he tells her, December 6th, that his heart "in the sense of *cœur libre* is perfectly *libre*." And, December 12th, he offers her not love, but friendship: "Love and marriage would bring us suffering only, but friendship, I feel, is useful for us both. . . ." After an interruption of the correspondence for about three weeks, Tolstoi answers a long letter from her, telling her that he is going abroad and apologizing for having been "extremely unpleasant and

crude, and above all spiteful about you," but there is not a word of love in his letter. Valeria then forbade him to write to her again; but, on January 14th, Tolstoi made a general confession and exculpation of his conduct: "That I have been guilty to myself and to you—extremely guilty, there is no doubt. . . . But what can I do if I cannot return the feeling which your kind heart gave me? . . . I acted wrongly to you, I was infatuated by you, but if I were to come now to you and certainly fall in love again, my behaviour would be still worse." This is extremely just. Tolstoi had stifled his passion for Valeria by absence, and did not desire to resuscitate it.

We may note that when, six years later, in 1862, Tolstoi had fallen violently in love with Sophie Andreevna—so violently, indeed, that he wrote in his diary: "To-morrow, as soon as I get up, I shall go and tell everything or shoot myself"—the engagement lasted only one week! Probably Tolstoi was afraid to repeat the exacting tests to which he had subjected his love for Valeria. Since we have not the lady's letters to Tolstoi, and nothing is told us about her, it is impossible to judge whether she would have made him a model wife, as did Sophie Andreevna for twenty years—have echoed his ideas, taken his imprint like wax, nursed all his children, and copied and recopied all his manuscripts. But it is to the Valeria episode that we owe one of Tolstoi's most exquisite stories, "Family Happiness," extraordinarily tender in its fresh, spring-like opening, and most poignant in its autumnal close. One wonders what Valeria thought of this piece of genius, which appeared in 1859. It is curious to reflect that the very year, 1856, in which Valeria met Levin-Tolstoi saw the publication, and perhaps the composition, of "The Two Hussars," a tale of gambling and of light love, inspired by Tolstoi's uncle Feodor, "this extraordinarily depraved and attractive man," which was one of the family "skins" Tolstoi inherited and threw off, onion-like, as Anne Seuron remarks.

A valuable study of the autobiographical elements in Tolstoi's works is appended to the Love Letters.

EDWARD GARNETT.

SOME RECENT NOVELS.

Lass of the Sword. By C. E. LAWRENCE. (Murray. 7s. 6d.)

The Vanished Moor. By JOHN TREVENA. (Mills & Boon. 7s. 6d.)

Up the Hill of Fleet. By GEORGE RENWICK. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

The Hoarding. By JOHN OWEN. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

Anderby Wold. By WINIFRED HOLTRY. (Lane. 7s. 6d.)

Patuffa. By BEATRICE HARRADEN. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

ONE difference between Mr. John Trevena and Mr. C. E. Lawrence is that for the former, I suspect, as for the present reviewer, a witch really is a witch, while for Mr. Lawrence she is simply an unfortunate and maligned old woman; that is to say, Mr. Trevena shares all the beliefs of his characters and Mr. Lawrence does not. In "Lass of the Sword," in those medieval, flowery meads where Rosalind and Tristram wander, there is a witch, a Spectre Valley, a dragon; but for Mr. Lawrence such things belong to the Neverland; he warns us against accepting them as real. Can it be, then, that he believes in Rosalind and Tristram? Surely, these young lovers, strayed from the shadowy groves of Arden, as much as any dragon, are but figments of a daydream. Even the stout blows struck in it, even the ruffians, the Glebs and Bryons, do nothing to mar the delicate ideality of their romance. Well, if Mr. Lawrence, that most versatile of story-tellers, chooses to lull us into dreamland, we are not going to grumble; the value of such tales lies in their charm, and this one is charming, is filled with pleasant light and air and colour, like some panel of the Umbrian school.

"The Vanished Moor" is anything but Umbrian, and I dare say, as a whole, it shows a less even workmanship than the other stories here grouped with it. But then it possesses a quality of imagination that lifts it at times out of the world of prose into the world of poetry. The plot is strained

and improbable enough in places; the people are, now and then, just a little more or a little less than human; but this imaginative quality is mixed into the entire book, is like a streak of wild light playing over a sombre landscape, touching it with beauty and strangeness. It is what gives the story its individuality, what makes it vital, a thing created, and living with its own life.

Long—yet not too long—ago, it seems, there existed between Dartmoor and Exmoor a third great moor, "its very existence scarcely known outside the county." It has gone, has been converted into fields and farms, though even to-day patches of the ancient soil remain unreclaimed, for "an extensive moorland can never be defeated entirely." This is the scene of Mr. Trevena's novel; he has recreated in imagination this vast, lonely track of dark and desolate country; he has re-peopled it with its old inhabitants, its small sheep-farmers and their servants, its wise men and pixies; he conjures it up before us as vividly as if he knew each height and hollow, each wandering trout-stream, each clump of furze. The time is the time when a man was hanged for sheep-stealing; the drama, passionate and primitive, turns upon such a crime. Those were days when the English peasant believed in witchcraft, when curses and charms alike were potent, when a Hand of Glory could be bought at a fair price, when strange sights might be seen in lonely places, when the spirits of the damned howled in the storm. And in certain minds the echoes of these things still whisper remotely. To many persons it may seem curious how vivid a thread of fantasy often is woven into work concerned with a very close study of Nature, but to others it would appear far stranger if one were to come into intimate touch with the earth and yet remain unconscious of certain mysterious forces that the spirit of man has, in the past, feared or worshipped, and attempted to describe, under different shapes and names. Nothing definite, of course, is to be built upon Mr. Trevena's vision of his vanished moor; he may look on all such beliefs as idle, or even vicious, superstitions. Nevertheless, the atmosphere in which they live is the atmosphere of his book. And his book is good; it may attract you, or repel you, but it does get extraordinarily close to Nature. There are few descriptions; certainly none of any length. Stone Moor is simply there, in its vastness and wildness, as the glittering salt marshes are there in Baring-Gould's "Mehalah." In the London scenes the light goes out, only a bizarre remains; yet they cannot spoil what is finest in the novel; they simply do not matter; they belong to the plot, which, for all its careful ingenuity, does not matter either. Something living is left with us when we have turned the last page, and it has nothing to do with the schemes of Vagman, or the restoration of Eli Coaker to his wife, or the parentage of Sammy; it is bigger than all these. It is the spirit of Stone Moor itself.

Clever observation is the note of "Up the Hill of Fleet," a first novel, but not the work of an unpractised writer. It is a story of journalistic life, mingled with politics, and the best chapters describe the daily and nightly grind in a provincial newspaper office. The earlier scenes, dealing with Alick Aitken's boyhood, and the later London scenes, after he has achieved success, are less interesting; but that is only because Alick in himself is a somewhat uninteresting person. Fortunately, he is not presented to us as a literary genius. He is a good fellow, with an excellent brain, and plenty of enterprise, but one cannot help feeling that he would have been equally successful in any other profession he might have taken up. And so it is with Richard Boxrider of "The Hoarding." These two young men are of the type that ultimately "gets there," and once they have got there, about neither is there much more to be said. They are, from the cradle, "safe," a joy and a triumph to the parents who have brought them into being; Alick, at a pinch, could have earned his living as a golf professional, while Mr. Boxrider "gets there" as a publicity expert. There is a Wellsian smack about his name, and the whole novel is in the Wellsian tradition. It is an extremely competent piece of work, with pleasant touches of humour, and an animation that sweeps the reader along as on the crest of a wave. The one failure in it is Claude Coleton, the famous novelist. Mr. Owen dislikes Coleton as much as he likes the irrepressible Boxrider, and the portrait he gives of him is too cynical to be convincing. Coleton is the declared enemy of publicity, and that he should secretly pay large sums to have himself

advertised in this rôle, though it makes him a proper butt for satire, rather spoils the particular little drama Mr. Owen sets before us.

Miss Winifred Holtby's "Anderby Wold" takes us back to the land—this time to farm and village life in Yorkshire. The women in the book—which, like "Up the Hill of Fleet," is a first novel—are a good deal more important than the men. Compared with her Mary, her Sarah Bannister, Miss Holtby's male characters are mere sketches, though the young, red-haired Socialist, David, has a good deal to do and say. But he is only a bright and pleasant youth of impetuous temper whom Mary picks up on the roadside, nurses, mothers, and perhaps from the first loves. Miss Holtby, who shows us quite clearly the charm this boy possessed for the sedate and sober Mary, might have made a good deal more than she has done of their relations with each other, and with Mary's husband John, a stolid, middle-aged farmer. Just there, if she will pardon the suggestion, was her subject, and in Sarah Bannister and Mr. Coast, the schoolmaster, she had two characters admirably adapted for the strengthening of her drama. She has not seen it thus, however; she has not seen it dramatically at all, but as a picture of rural life in the East Riding, and much good work has been lost on side-issues that have little or no bearing on the story.

Miss Harraden's "Patuffa" is a pleasantly written tale of music and musicians that, I'm afraid, left me rather cold.

FORREST REID.

ENGLISH PROSODY.

Principles of English Prosody.—Part I. The Elements
By LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE. (Secker. 5s.)

IN his preface Professor Abercrombie writes: "It seems convenient to present a general study of English prosody in two parts: the first would be an attempt to settle the elementary nature of metre; the second would, in an account of the chief forms of English metre, describe how that nature works itself out in practice." In this first part he has given us an intelligible and scientific account of the main principles of metrical theory, which have hitherto seldom been treated either scientifically or intelligibly. He brings to his task not only considerable powers of analysis and exposition, but knowledge, sanity, and practical experience as a poet, with the result that his book, whether we agree with it or not, is probably the most luminous and comprehensive treatise upon English prosody which has yet been published.

"Metre," he writes, "has two essential characters: (i.) Rhythmic *Constancy*: the pattern persisting schematically through all variations and always heard in some recognizably equivalent form; (ii.) Rhythmic *Variation*: the expressive speech-rhythm always changing over the pattern and capable of accommodating itself to the frame of the pattern. . . . (i.) will be called the *Base*, (ii.) the *Modulation*, of a metre."

Again:—

"The base is an ideal rhythm and is only ideally heard; it can never be realized in any rhythm of language . . . but it can decisively assert itself by compelling an actually varying series of natural rhythms to be heard with unmistakable reference to its standard."

Most of the book consists of the development and illustration of this doctrine of "Base and Modulation." We only find ourselves in partial disagreement with the author in his treatment of Time and of "scansion," that is, in his analysis and notation of the phonetic facts, when a particular verse is compared with its ideal pattern or base:—

"It is a convention in music that the bar should begin with an accent. The possibility of using musical notation for verse has suggested the headlong conclusion that the foot must also begin with an accent. This obviously leaves a large number of verses with a syllable unaccounted for outside the metre. Of course, there is no real analogy between the foot in verse and the bar in music; and as the foot consists of the natural attachment of non-accent to accent, rising feet are plainly required."

He accordingly prefers the scansion, "Or w^here | the g^or | geous E^ast | with rⁱch | est h^and," to "Or | w^here the | g^orgeous | E^ast," &c.

Now it is quite arguable that an essential phonetic law of English verse is that the time-spaces between the main

accents, though not so precisely equal in duration as with modern instrumental music, are yet so nearly equal that any accurate notation should treat them as such. Even in reading prose, an emotional declamation tends to equalize the time-spaces between the accents; and in verse this tendency is even more apparent. If it be true that in the line "Thrónes, dominátions, princedom's, virtúes, pówers" the time-spaces between the accents are equal, or nearly so, it would seem best to recognize this fact by putting the bar-lines before the accented syllables, not after them, as Professor Abercrombie does. Again, he scans "Is goáds | thórns | néttles | tails | of wásp's," a notation that is surely inaccurate, because if the intervals between the accents are really equal, then that fact should be brought out by putting bar-lines before "goáds" and "wásp's." The initial syllable "Is" would then no more be "left unaccounted for" than is the first note of a piece of music, when it immediately precedes a bar-line.

One advantage of beginning each foot at the accented syllable is that this is the only method of indicating and explaining the process of syncope, which plays such an important part in English poetry. In the verses "Or | dó him | mightier | sérvíce | as his | thrálls," and "Of | Thámuz | yéarly | wóunded : | the lóve- | tále," the syllables "as" and "the" are unaccented, although they apparently stand at the beginning of their bars. The reason, surely, is that the preceding words, "sérvíce" and "wóunded," should be read in such a way that they last slightly longer than the normal duration of a bar, and, as it were, bulge over the bar-line into the following bar, pushing the syllables "as" and "the" away from the beginning of their bars, and so depriving them of their accents. The fact that in the second example there is a strong accent upon "love," although this syllable comes at the end of the foot, where an accent is not expected, need cause no difficulty, because, when once the base has asserted itself, our sense of time should show us which are the accented syllables that mark the beginnings of feet, and which are merely cross-accents.

A further advantage would be that we should then be able to realize far more clearly the subtle, but highly expressive modifications of length, by expansion and contraction, imposed upon words by the process of adapting them to the time-spaces of metre. It is this function of moulding and controlling the length of words and phrases that more than anything else gives verse, when it is well written, its superior expressive power as compared with prose. With this important reserve we find ourselves in general agreement with Professor Abercrombie, and shall look forward with the highest expectations to the second part of his treatise.

R. C. TREVELYAN.

THE SHUFFLING PLANTIGRADE.

The Badger, Afield and Underground. By H. MORTIMER BATTEN, F.Z.S. (Witherby. 8s. 6d.)

It is as odd that the badger should belong to the family of the *Mustelidæ* as that the Bird of Paradise should be a crow. Though the musk-glands are present, as in the weasel, they do not appear to be used for sexual purposes or intimidating prey, as in other members of the family. Otter, weasel, wolverine, stoat, and pine-marten are all highly carnivorous; but the badger is insectivorous like mole and hedgehog, vegetarian like the rabbit, and a root-grubber. A tough fighter, as this most persecuted and most harmless of British wild animals has need to be, he is sensitive and highly strung for all his clumsiness; mild, pacific, and amiable by nature, and without a trace of the ferocity of the weasel tribe. His hibernations, his honey-love and grub-love, his nose-craft, his easy-goingness and homely disposition, and his shambling, Neanderthal gait, make him, as his well-wishers like to think of him, our British bear.

Mr. Batten has written a solid and standard apology for the badger, and long has this "most abused and misunderstood of British wild beasts" looked for a little common sense and tolerant understanding from his untiring bully, man. But for his nocturnal habits and capacity for constructing great subterranean fortresses, he must long ago

have become extinct in Britain, and so retiring are his ways, and so difficult is the task of estimating the number of badgers to one of their elaborate "setts," that we are inclined to think that Mr. Batten has overstepped his usual caution in declaring that they have doubled their numbers in the last twenty years. The mysterious biter has received plenty of attention from folk-lore and literary tradition, but the badger is as destitute of that as, up to the publication of Mr. Batten's book, he has been of intelligent observation of his character and customs. The consequence is that an ignorance about him prevails denser than any of the nights of his ambles abroad, and this ignorance has been a happy hunting-ground of excuses to "badger" and destroy him. Mr. Batten devotes much space to vindicating the badger from the charges that gamekeepers, hunting people, and villagers bring against him, in order to go about their ignoble "sport" of worrying the life out of him with terriers, with clear consciences, and with a self-pardoned zest. The writer's conclusions are based on carefully sifted evidence collected from all quarters of Britain and on the personal experience of a lifetime, and they are that the whole of the badgers in these islands do not destroy a dozen lambs in a year, and that not a single authentic example of the animal preying upon eggs and young birds exists. The fact is that badger-baiting has been persisted in for so many generations because he is a large animal, not protected like the fox, and fights with desperation when he is cornered and set upon, that it has almost become an inherited instinct among country people, and the discovery of a badger in any particular district will still whip it up into a hunting frenzy. The wonder is that he has survived at all, and only his superior intelligence and architectural genius have enabled him to do so.

Mr. Batten brings many new facts to bear upon the latter, and quite destroys the common fallacy that the badger is a solitary animal. When he roams about in the spring it is not because he is a hermit born, but because he is lonely and seeking his mate. And the writer does not hesitate to call him, in his netherworld life, the "most intelligently sociable" of all our wild beasts. In the larger "setts" badgers live together in colonies, with the burrows let off in flats and with communal runways. Fox and rabbit families take advantage of an intricate network of underground shafts, tunnels, passages, and chambers, only paralleled by the earth-cities of the *vizcachas* of the Argentine pampas, to establish themselves in them, an occupation quite congenial to the original builders. They are ideal parents, and there is an instance of a dam being attacked by a pair of sheep-dogs while carrying her cub in her mouth, and holding on till she got it safe to earth. Mr. Batten does not hesitate to call the badger "a friendly and lovable beast," nor have centuries of a particularly cruel and merciless persecution, continued (the author gives many examples) to the present day, succeeded in souring a placid and unresentful disposition. And this very ancient race, painted with moonlight and shadow, a sedentary earth-dweller, plodding its unambitious path and minding its own slow business, is the mental equal, if not the superior, of the versatile and inquiring fox, and little behind the beaver and otter in capacity and interest. Certainly, if methodical sanitation and the personal pride involved be any test, the badger is well in advance of primitive man.

DUTCH POTTERY.

Old Dutch Pottery and Tiles. By ELISABETH NEURDEN-BURG, D.Litt., and BERNARD RACKHAM. (Benn. £4 4s.)

THE popularity of old Dutch pottery is undying, and even in England, where people are not given to any wide enthusiasms for the minor arts, we have made "delft" a commonplace word in our language. There is good aesthetic sanction for this preference. When the Dutch potters began, early in the seventeenth century, to imitate Chinese porcelain, the actual material—white, translucent, homogeneous—was beyond their skill, a mystery to be left to the alchemists. As an expedient they coated their coarse earthenware with an opaque white enamel, and in this way came near to at least the appearance of the Eastern wares. They did more: quite by accident they hit on beauties unknown to porcelain,

beauties quite distinct and for many people more attractive. The enamel, in colour ranging between a soft white and an eggshell blue, and taking on some warmth of tone from the red or yellow earthenware beneath, made an ideal "ground" for painted decoration. In sureness, in facility and ingenuity, the Delft potters never equalled their Chinese prototypes; but in the vigorous handling of colours, in the development of harmonious design, and in some quality which we must call intimacy (in contrast to a certain cold abstractness of Chinese ceramics), they created their own school, with distinct, if undefined, aesthetic standards.

It was mainly from Holland that the English potters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries drew their inspiration. The "delft" wares of Lambeth and Bristol, which form the most important, and certainly the most artistic, group of English wares, are as frankly imitative of Dutch wares as were the Dutch wares of the Chinese; though, like the Dutch wares, the English gradually developed their own individualities and merits. Again, in a very real sense the immense economic growth of the pottery industry in Staffordshire was made possible when two itinerant Dutchmen, the brothers Elers, settled near Burslem and began the manufacture of red teapots in the Dutch manner.

For such reasons Dutch pottery possesses a particular interest in this country, and this authoritative work, the first of its kind to be published in England, is very welcome. Two of the most dispassionate students of the subject in Europe have united to produce it, and the book is in every way worthy of its subject. It is a perfect piece of book production; it is printed in a clear type on good paper, and even those flimsy pages dividing the illustrations, so often a nuisance in a book of this kind, are quite pleasant to handle. There are 112 illustrations, eight of which are in colour. Ceramics are an extreme test for the photographer, but these illustrations are, with very few exceptions, all that can be desired. Two of the coloured reproductions—that of the early drug-pot painted with the arms of Haarlem and Amsterdam (Plate I.) and the tile-picture of a vase of flowers (Plate XII.)—are as near perfection as we can expect. If we may cavil at one point, it is that the frontispiece, representing a tile painted with a bouquet of flowers, is so trimmed that it has lost all its appearance of pottery, and might just as well be a water-colour painting on paper.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Intellectual Worker and his Work. By WILLIAM MACDONALD. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

THE organization of intellectual workers in defence of their economic and professional interests is not a new development of recent years. It has existed for many years in such professions as the law, medicine, journalism, and teaching. But these organizations only partially cover the field of intellectual workers, and their purview is almost exclusively limited to the professions which they subserve. There is practically no recognition of the interdependence of different classes of intellectual workers and of workers, intellectual and manual and clerical, as a whole. The effect of the war and of the economic conditions produced by the war has been a quickening of consciousness among intellectual workers. New organizations have been founded, such as the National Union of Scientific Workers and the Actors' Association (which is affiliated to the Trades Union Congress), which do recognize that the same economic conditions which make professional organization necessary make equally necessary an alliance of all intellectual workers, and ultimately of intellectual and of manual workers. In fact, intellectual work, like manual work, is in the main a commodity, subject to the laws of supply and demand. Hence the economic interests of intellectual and manual workers are identical, and hence the necessity of the economic solidarity of all workers without distinction of work. Mr. MacDonald rightly stresses this point, which is fundamental. His book is a comprehensive and reasoned study, well-written and sympathetic, of the nature and conditions of intellectual work. It should help to strengthen that growth of consciousness among intellectual workers of which it is itself a symptom.

The Development of the British Empire. By HOWARD ROBINSON, Ph.D. (Constable. 12s. 6d.)

HORACE WALPOLE, during the great duel between France and England which was fought out on three continents in his day, once declared, "One is forced to ask every morning what victory there is, for fear of missing one." The student of British imperial history must feel much the same about histories of the British Empire, which seem to appear upon the reviewer's table every month. The recent studies by Mr. Williamson and Professor Ramsay Muir might have been thought to cover the subject sufficiently, but here comes Professor Howard Robinson of Minnesota with another. Let it be said at once that it is a good textbook, clear, well arranged, comprehensive, and provided with excellent maps, while (after the American habit) each chapter is provided with a bibliographical note containing suggestions for further reading. Both for the university student and for the man in the street it is a useful introduction, and the author has wisely devoted two-thirds of the book to the last hundred years.

The Story of Bologna. By ALETHEA WIEL. (Dent. 5s. 6d.)

Bologna calls up an odd medley of associations to the lover of Italy—S. Domenico and S. Petronio, the arcaded streets, and the fascination of those two strange towers, last survivors of a goodly race, Garisenda and Asinella; the University and the Bolognese school of painters; the tragic crowning of Charles V. by Clement VII., after the sack of Rome, an event which for Signora Wiel has far less significance than the romantic captivity of King Enzo; and, dare we add (for is not La Grassa one of Bologna's attributes?), the sausage and the best mortadella in Italy? Yet as we lay down this sound little book we realize that all this is but a tithe of what Bologna had to give us, and we heave a sigh of regret over the unworthiness of the four or five days we have hitherto devoted to her. Once again we have brought home to us the inexhaustible treasures of these lesser cities of Italy, many of which figure among D'Annunzio's Cities of Silence. On the whole, we suppose that it is through her University that the stately capital of the revolutionary Romagna comes most closely into touch with the life of Italy to-day, though it has lost something of its prestige since the death of Carducci. The sombreness of the arcades makes a fitting setting for a seat of learning. One thing comes out clearly, and that is the prominent part played by women in the history both of the town and the University. Signora Wiel tends at times to be anecdotal rather than strictly historical. Perhaps in the "Medieval Towns Series," in which this book fills a worthy place, we should not expect too much curiosity about the rather shadowy Etruscans.

The History of Medicine. By WALTER LIBBY. (Constable. 15s.)

THE science of medicine is the child of human curiosity and suffering. For the alleviation of the latter, every path is tried which has been trodden in the satisfaction of the former. In a short history of medicine it is impossible to say all that can be said; it is impossible to put in all the vast number of recent experiments which have been performed, and all the mass of fresh facts which have come to light during the last century and our own. No two people will agree about what should be left out, but one cannot help feeling that some account of the development of glandular physiology might have replaced the chapter on the "History of Syphilis." The name of Brown-Séquard does not occur at all. Dr. Libby traces the growth of the science from the dark days of superstition and priesthood, through Greece, Rome, and Persia, up to the seventeenth century. Here he has to make a choice. There follow chapters on Embryology, Bacteriology, and Anæsthetics, all of which are treated with admirable clarity; and Dr. Libby shows the enormous effect of the Cellular theory of Schwann and Virchow, and the Evolutionary doctrine of Darwin, in providing physiologists with new attitudes with which to approach their material. The book is not only of value to the student of medicine, but is also fascinating reading for the layman. We see the science growing through ages of pain and research, a triumphant monument to the patience of mankind.

Mardi. By HERMAN MELVILLE. Two Vols.—**The Letters of Bunnymede.** By BENJAMIN DISRAELI—Zadig. By VOLTAIRE. "Abbey Classics," (Chapman & Dodd. 3s. 6d. per vol.)

THE above are Volumes IX. to XII. in a series which is notable for its good editing and for its pleasant format.

MUSIC

PROGRAMMES FOR SALZBURG.

WHEN the delegates of the International Society for Contemporary Music met in London in January, it was decided that a festival of contemporary chamber music should be held at Salzburg early in August. The date of this festival was provisionally fixed as August 8th—14th, in view of the performances organized for the second half of the month by the Festspielhausgemeinde. Since then considerable changes have taken place in the arrangements, and it is stated that a series of orchestral concerts under various conductors will be given from August 8th onwards. The International Society have therefore decided to hold their chamber-music festival earlier, that is, from August 2nd to August 7th. This fits in conveniently with the German festival of modern chamber music at Donaueschingen, which will take place, as it did last year, on or about the last Sunday in July.

The International Society planned a series of six concerts, and the music to be performed was to be chosen by an international jury consisting of MM. Ansermet, Caplet, Goossens, Pizzetti, Scherchen, Sonneck, and Zemlinsky. It was arranged that this jury should meet at Zurich in May. The meeting took place from May 14th to 17th, but under some difficulties. Signor Pizzetti declined the invitation at the outset, and in place of him Dr. Egon Wellesz was appointed. All seemed to be going well until towards the end of April, when various jurymen expressed doubt as to whether they could come to Zurich. At the last moment three of them found themselves prevented from coming, and it was too late to obtain the substitutes who had been officially appointed. Those who actually met and chose the programmes were MM. Ansermet (Geneva), Caplet (Paris), Scherchen (Frankfurt), and Wellesz (Vienna). Mr. Goossens was prepared to make every effort to come, even if only for a few hours, but although he had been actually the first jurymen to accept the Council's invitation, Covent Garden inexorably required his services. His colleagues on the jury very much regretted his absence.

The meetings were held in the music-room of Dr. Volkmar Andreae's house, which the owner had kindly placed at our disposal. As chairman of the council of delegates, I went to Zurich to see that all went well, but had actually no right to take part in the sittings. At the express desire of the four jurymen, I attended their first meeting on the Monday, to give them general directions; I left them alone for the rest of the day and for the whole of Tuesday, during which time they studied the works (about two hundred) which had been sent in from various countries. On the Wednesday they asked me to come again and act as secretary or chairman as occasion might arise. I must make it clear that I took no part whatever in the choice of the music, nor even in the arrangement of the programmes. I am on these occasions supposed to be deprived of nationality, and for the meeting of the jury I was officially deprived of all knowledge of music. But I can at any rate give an assurance that the music sent in was studied by all the jurymen with the minutest care. I cannot speak too highly of their conscientious thoroughness. Their musical abilities need no praise from me. It was a very gratifying sign of the interest which is taken in the new International Society that four musicians of such distinction should have been willing to give up four days of their time and devote so much labour and trained intelligence to this very laborious task without any recompense beyond the hospitality kindly extended by the Swiss section of the Society.

The programmes have been fixed and sent out to the various sections. It would not be proper for me to make any comment upon them. Our proceedings at Zurich were conducted in strict privacy. But I may say that the programmes represent the unanimous judgment of the four musicians who drew them up. The English items selected may possibly cause some surprise in England. I can only say that the jury were particularly interested in the English contribution, and expressed

their own definite satisfaction at their choice of English works. They also observed to me that the one really new "discovery" made at Zurich was an Englishman.

It was a considerable task to read all the works sent in, to form a judgment on them, and choose six programmes. There are thirty-five composers represented and fourteen different countries. The works were chosen solely on their merits, without any regard to nationality, and the jury also made use of their right to choose a certain number of works which had not actually been submitted by national sections. They further made some informal suggestions as to performers. These are not for publication at present. It is the duty of the various national sections to provide for the performance of their own works: probably sections will combine with each other in the performance of works requiring several players.

It was even suggested that the jury should draw up a list of *proxime accessits*, works for which no room could be found in the Salzburg programmes, but which the jury would wish to recommend to the notice of national sections for local performance. This was quite outside the functions of the jury, and however grateful the Society might be for such recommendations, the idea was dropped for want of time. But it need hardly be pointed out that the four musicians who met in Dr. Andreae's music-room had an extraordinary opportunity of making themselves acquainted with the collective production of chamber music in Europe and America. I know that they were very deeply impressed by what they saw, and that they will probably use their influence in their various countries to secure the performance of works with which otherwise they might never have become acquainted.

EDWARD J. DENT.

THE DRAMA

THE PUPPETS, "THE TEMPEST," AND MR. FAGAN.

"The Tempest" at the New Scala Theatre.

THE puppets are a success. London has taken them to her heart, and London, as often, has been right. They have been, in very truth, one of the few alleviations of a season empty even beyond precedent. In thus trooping to the puppets Londoners have shown an instinctive appreciation of art, which would surprise those who believe in that fundamental imbecility of Londoners about which we hear so much. The English like a lot of stuff that is bad, but, more than the inhabitants of any other capital, they are willing to show favour to anything new and intelligent on the rare occasions when they are given an opportunity of seeing it.

As a reward for their hearty patronage of the puppets they were paid the compliment of a specially prepared performance of "The Tempest," which, we were informed, was to be the crowning achievement of the New Scala season. And the earlier performances had been in many ways so delightful that it was with a light heart that I repaired to "The Tempest." The auspices were favourable. The prologue indulged in some extremely sensible observations on the unsatisfactory nature of most performances of "The Tempest," and led us to expect that this time we were to see something different. The first part of the performance was delightful. The grotesque ballet of "The Three Thieves" was everything that could be hoped for, while the little operatic scene "The Cobbler and the Fairy" contained many charming passages, though it was marred by one or two ominous pieces of realism, due to the excessive mechanical ingenuity of the puppets. Still, it was very enjoyable. But then began "The Tempest," and heavens, what a fall!

The difficulty of criticism lies in the fact that it is not easy to distinguish between the culpability of Mr. Fagan, who was responsible for the spoken word, and

POPE & BRADLEY
Chief Military & Naval Tailors
 14 OLD BOND ST LONDON W.C.
 By appointment to H.M. The King of Spain



The Human Race

REPUTATION

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY

IN their laughter the gods inflict upon the fools the incubus of reputation. To the artist it is merely a bubble in the froth of life, a leaf at the mercy of the storm, a ring of smoke in the clouds of imagination.

Reputation has no value unless it can be regarded as a plaything, to be smashed at will. To the majority it is a fetish, a meaningless aspiration; in reality a pandering to the herd intelligence.

Individually it has no value; it is a mere stupidity, often a craving for charity, a bid for notoriety. Artistically, therefore, it is a thing to be disregarded.

Commercially, however, reputation is a considerable asset. So the artist in his wickedness takes subtle care to use it.

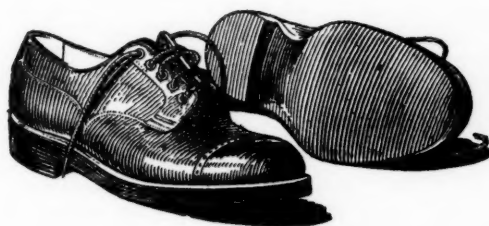
All of which, incidentally, is aggressively controversial, since the simple purpose here is to write of the commercial reputation of Pope and Bradley.

The clientèle of Pope and Bradley is the most fashionable in England. Before the war the House possessed a wonderful international reputation, and made clothes for most of the Courts of Europe. This connection did not happen to include Wilhelm Hohenzollern, but the ex-Kaiser's tailor used to order regularly each season a dozen or more various garments from Pope and Bradley, and the Berlin fashions were copied from them—at a distance.

Despite the upheaval of war and the crumbling European exchanges, the turnover of this House is now over double that of pre-war years. This striking success is simply explained. The reputation of Pope and Bradley has been built on the solid foundation of producing the best clothes in the world. Hence, reputation is literally material, and is made by apparel more than by men.

The prices are moderate, even if the sentiments are mixed. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d. Overcoats from £7 7s.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
 2 11 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C.
ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER



Boots: — 63/-
 Shoes: 55/- 60/-

WATER trying to get into the Lotus Veldtschoen shoes through the sole, through those double uppers and even through that bellows tongue, will only meet itself coming back. Not a way in anywhere. The shoe is sealed. And what a friendly shoe! You might have known a new pair for years.

THE LOTUS VELDTSCHOEN boots and shoes have been designed and they go out under the eye of men who shoot and play golf themselves and know what's wanted for long wet grass.

Lotus
 VELDTSCHOEN

"Footsteps of Men," an interesting booklet, is sent post free
 LOTUS LTD., STAFFORD & Northampton AGENTS EVERYWHERE

presumably the scenery, and that of Dr. Podrecca, the overseer of the puppets. In any case, Mr. Fagan set the tone. The naturalism ran hideous riot, till we might have been back with Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's Theatre. Yet "The Tempest" is in many ways particularly suited for marionette representation. It is the most inhuman and unearthly of all Shakespeare's plays. "In 'The Tempest,'" writes Mr. Strachey, "unreality has reached its apotheosis. . . ." But where Shakespeare would have us believe that his human beings were mighty like puppets, the producers seemed bent on persuading us that puppets are mighty like human beings.

And what human beings! The puppets became so real, so exactly like commonplace actors and actresses, that they were redolent of all the vilest traditions of the London stage. They were certainly aided and abetted by their human collaborators, who from their subterranean cavern (another unnecessary tribute to realism) delivered their lines with a noisy mumbling, which was for long periods of time utterly unintelligible. The *décor*, too, was heavy with an oily realism which, one had reason to hope, had for ever been banished from the theatre. We were actually treated to an elaborate shipwreck, and, in order that nothing might be left to the imagination of those doped by too frequent visits to the movies, we were shown the ship descending through the ocean into what looked like a version by Puvis de Chavannes of the old Brighton Aquarium. The Ariel was as heavy as any real actress has ever been in the past, while use was made of the technique to introduce new fairies representing cramps and other affections, till the puppets became an excuse not for less but for more realism. Every opportunity, in fact, was thrown away till there was nothing to be gained by employing marionettes at all.

Yet how delightful might such a performance have been if properly conventionalized, simply produced, and intelligently spoken! But it would be unfair to blame Dr. Podrecca too much for this fiasco. Doubtless he is not—nor is there any reason why he should be—in the habit of producing Shakespeare. But in an unhappy moment he thought to gratify his public by playing one of the works of our national poet in collaboration with an English producer. In so doing he merely lowered his puppets to the level of the English stage. It is to be hoped that he will now return at the earliest possible moment to his natural enthusiasms and leave the production of Shakespeare to Mr. Fagan.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

SCIENCE

DIABETES AND INSULIN.

By L. B. WINTER AND W. SMITH.

THE ancients refer to a disease which was accompanied by the excretion of excessive amounts of urine. It was not, however, until 1776 that it was shown that under this condition the urine contains sugar. Later, in the nineteenth century, the presence of the ketone bodies, acetone and β -oxy-butyric acid, was demonstrated.

The nature of the sugar excreted is as a rule glucose. Glucose is the end product of digestion of various starchy materials of the food; it ferments with yeast; through this property it was first identified in the urine of patients. A considerable amount of glucose is also derived from the proteins (among which are meat, eggs, and cheese). The ketone bodies are always present in severe cases, and give a good indication of the severity of the disease, with its consequent progress to coma and a fatal issue. They are derived from fat, and partly, also, from protein.

Diabetes is essentially a wasting disease with well-marked symptoms: polyuria (excess of urine), thirst, and hunger, accompanied by glycosuria (excretion of sugar) and ketonuria (excretion of the ketone bodies). It is a

disease of varying intensity. The amount of the sugar in the blood of untreated cases is always high.

The old conception was that it was due to excess of carbohydrate (starch and sugar) intake. This was based on the wide prevalence of the complaint in India, where the diet is largely rice. This is now discredited, and it is pointed out that it is relatively infrequent among the peasant class, but affects the richer sections. The disease tends to occur rather as a result of replacing the simple carbohydrate diet by a more varied and generous one. Hindu merchants, who are gross over-eaters and take little exercise, are very prone to it.

The disease is fairly widespread, it being estimated that one person in a thousand has it. It occurs more frequently among Jews. According to Allen, 60 per cent. of the cases are due to obesity, in turn caused by over-eating, and 20 per cent. due to heredity.

Definite lesions of the pancreas (one of the digestive glands) were noted at old necropsies. In 1889 the classical work of von Mering and Minkowsky showed that removal of the pancreas from animals caused a condition similar to severe diabetes. Partial removal may or may not, according to the amount taken. Complete removal always caused intense symptoms, accompanied by excretion of sugar and ketone bodies, with a fatal termination. This showed that the pancreas was in some way necessary for carbohydrate metabolism, and that disease of it could result in diabetes. It is now held that certain special cells in the islets of Langerhans* are responsible for the production of an internal secretion, and that the destruction of these cells causes diabetes.

There is a danger in paying too much attention to the metabolism of the carbohydrates, while forgetting the fat and protein. It is through the intake of fat that the ketone bodies appear. The idea in the modern dietetic treatment, then, is so to balance the diet that the patient may cease to excrete sugar and excrete only the minimum of ketones.

Allen placed the modern dietary on a scientific basis. He removed all but a small part of the pancreas from a dog, and found that if it was fed with a high carbohydrate or fat diet, death eventually occurred. A diet without carbohydrate was of little use, but if the lowest possible diet necessary for the needs of the animal were given, the animal was able to maintain itself perfectly. If this diet was exceeded, no matter what the food, diabetes always ensued, with fatal results.

The diet which was suitable was one with which the dog was unable to gain weight, but on which it was kept thin. The conclusion that Allen drew from this work was that the correct treatment was to give the patient the minimum of food necessary for the requirements of the body. On these lines his diet is based.

The patient is starved first until sugar is no longer excreted. This takes as a rule three or four days. Then gradually increasing amounts of different foodstuffs are given, in order to ascertain how much of each can be tolerated without giving rise to glycosuria or marked ketonuria. The minimum diet is calculated for the weight and height of the patient, and no more is given. The result of dieting on these lines is to reduce the amount of the blood sugar to normal, and generally to improve the well-being of the patient.

About a year ago the announcement was made by two Canadians, Banting and Best, of the separation from the pancreas of a substance which was named "insulin." Various methods of preparation were tried, and finally it was found that by a method involving the use of large amounts of alcohol an active substance could be obtained from the pancreas of any kind of animal, those most frequently used being obtained from the slaughter-houses. Insulin has been also found in the islet tissue of fish; and more recently a substance with similar properties has been shown to exist in yeast, and also in some plants.

* Under the microscope certain cells appear quite different from the remainder. They do not stain so readily with dyes. These are called the islets, as they appear in small groups.



*A quick return to
health & vigour*

In Convalescence

It is most important that the nourishment given should be both appetising and easily digested.

The Allenburys' DIET

is a complete and highly nutritious food, partially pre-digested to render it the more easy of assimilation. Its flavour is agreeable even to the most fastidious, and does not tire the palate.

The "Allenburys" Diet quickly restores strength to the system and enables the convalescent soon to return to everyday food. *Easy to make. Pleasant to take.*

Your Chemist Stocks it.

In tins at 2/1 and 4/-.

Write for free sample to

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.,

37, Lombard St., LONDON, E.C.3.

The "Allenburys" diet is quite distinct from the "Allenburys" Foods for Infants.

MADE IN
A MINUTE



FRIENDS' RELIEF WORK

The Relief Committee of the Society of Friends needs money for urgently necessary reconstruction work in the Vilna district of Poland, where peasants are living in water-logged dug-outs, from which the water has to be baled out daily.

In Russia, should the harvest be satisfactory, there will still be need for reconstruction work and assistance to orphanages.

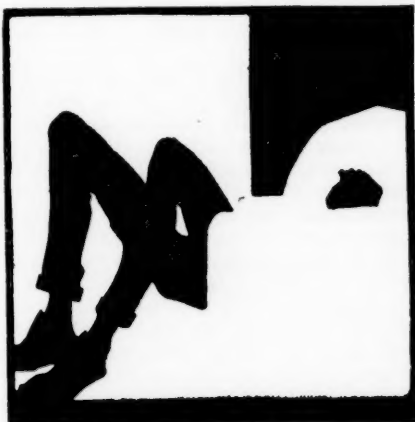
In Austria the Land Settlement movement needs continued support.

Friends are also working in GERMANY where relief is being administered by the Council for International Service.

Gifts of Money, which may be earmarked for either country, should be sent to Friends' Relief Committee (Room 9), 10, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

Co-operating with the Russian Famine Relief Fund and the Save the Children Fund in the "All-British Appeal" for the Famine in Russia.

SEEN AND NOT HEARD!



YOU KNOW the kind of chair which speaks when it isn't spoken to. When you sit down it says "ping," and a moment afterwards when you turn round it says "pong."

THAT chair isn't well and it is telling you about it. Some day there will have to be an operation, but even after that the trouble will come on again. It's incurable. It's the way the chair was made!

THE BUOYANT CHAIR never joins in the conversation. It has no complaint to make. Very silent! Very strong! The secret's in its unique, exclusive springs. *Springs sprung on springs.*

BUOYANT

EASY CHAIRS and SETTEES

Most good Furnishing Houses sell Buoyant Chairs

Prices from Seven Guineas

There is also the Buoyant Mattress
"THE BOOK OF COMFORT," post free

Buoyant Sales Dept., The Buoyant Upholstery Co., Ltd.
Sandiacre, Nottingham

The action of insulin, when given to an animal which had been depancreatized, was to cause the symptoms temporarily to improve; with continued treatment the improvement was very marked. It was reasonable to conclude that in this preparation there was a substance which was lacking to the animal through the removal of the pancreas.

The preparation was then tried on diabetic patients: a fall in the blood sugar was noted, which was most marked about four hours after the dose. Also it was found that sugar was no longer excreted, nor the ketone bodies after one or two doses. If, however, the treatment ceased, the old symptoms reappeared with a rise in the blood sugar. It seems possible that in diabetics the pancreatic islet tissue which has not degenerated is overworked; consequently it cannot cope with the work thrust upon it. Then if insulin be given for a period it may be possible for the islet tissue to regenerate, so that when the treatment with insulin is stopped the islet tissue may again be able to work, with the result that the tolerance of the patient for food is permanently improved. It seems that, if this be the case, the greatest benefit will be derived from the discovery.

We have noticed that in some cases after treatment with insulin the tolerance for varying foods, notably carbohydrate, is much improved over a considerable period. The disease in children is usually very severe, and difficult to treat by dietetic means. In one case, after insulin had been given for a week, the child was able to have an adult diet, and for the last two months has excreted no sugar. Gain in weight and general improvement have been progressive. It is probable that the most encouraging results will come from the treatment of young cases. The power of repair is greatest in the young, and when a rest is given to the pancreas by injections of insulin a considerable repair of the islet tissue may be expected to occur. In old cases, however, we have noticed that injections of insulin may have no appreciable effect on the amount of the blood sugar or on the tolerance for carbohydrate. It appears probable that there may be in certain cases of diabetes a lesion of some organ other than the pancreas.

Insulin is administered by subcutaneous injection, since it has been found that no effect is produced when it is given by the mouth: presumably it is destroyed by the intestinal juices. The effect of each injection lasts for about six hours. The testing of insulin is of great importance. It is carried out on animals, usually rabbits. When an overdose is given the animal goes into convulsions, due probably to the absence of the normal amount of sugar in the blood. These convulsions may be relieved by subcutaneous injection of sugar, or by intravenous injections of adrenaline. The dose for patients is calculated by comparison between the body weights of the patient and the rabbit, a considerable factor of safety being allowed. If an overdose is inadvertently given, the patient as a rule notices various signs, such as tingling of the fingers and flushing of the skin. Sugar given by the mouth will prevent more serious symptoms developing.

The action of insulin is at present obscure. It has been shown that most of the blood sugar of diabetic persons is fundamentally different from that of normal persons. Injection of insulin usually causes the blood sugar of diabetics to become more like the normal. It is possible that insulin may act by changing the sugar into a form which can be utilized by the body.

THE PUBLISHERS' TABLE

A COMPACT complete edition of Pepys's Diary is being prepared by Messrs. Bell. The text of the eight-volume issue under H. B. Wheatley's editorship will be provided in three volumes, on India paper. The set will be priced at about £1 15s.

THE reprint of "Moll Flanders" according to the original text lately brought out by Messrs. Constable was

immediately successful. "Roxana" is now in course of production by the same house, uniform with the other, and textually following the first edition. 775 copies will be available, including those for America.

"MUSSOLINI: the Birth of a New Democracy," by G. M. Godden, is among the forthcoming books of Messrs. Burns, Oates & Washbourne. The probable price is 3s. 6d. Signor Mussolini himself contributes a preface.

DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, President of Columbia University, is delivering the Watson Chair Lectures for this year at the Universities in Great Britain. His seven lectures, with the title "Building the American Nation," will be published in July by the Cambridge University Press, and by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons in New York.

IN connection with the vogue of the marionette in London—a subject discussed by Mr. E. J. Dent in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM of April 28th—Messrs. Allen & Unwin draw attention to "A Book of Marionettes," by Helen H. Joseph. This illustrated volume was published by them at one guinea last autumn.

ERNEST BENN, LIMITED, announce a set of illustrated monographs concerning contemporary British artists, and opening with volumes on the work of Augustus John, George Clausen, Paul Nash, William Nicholson, Sir William Orpen, and Professor William Rothenstein. Some thirty-five half-tone plates will be included in each volume.

A MATINÉE is being given for the Library Fund of the British Drama League at the Savoy Theatre on June 12th (2.15 p.m.). There will be presented Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth's "Father Noah," and Mr. W. J. Turner's "The Man Who Ate the Popomack: a Tragi-Comedy of Love in Four Acts." The latter is produced by Mr. Reginald Denham; its setting arranged by Mr. William Nicholson.

THE Somerset Folk Series, which has just been enriched by Mr. H. A. Jeboult's notes on "Somerset Composers, Musicians, and Music," will next include "Cluster-o'-Vive: Stories and Studies of Old-World Wessex," by Mr. John Read, with notes, glossary, and illustrations.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- Sat. 2. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Vegetation of the Andes," Dr. A. W. Hill.
 Sun. 3. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"A United States of Europe," Dr. Marion Phillips.
 Mon. 4. Institute of Actuaries, 5.—Annual Meeting.
 Royal Institution, 5.—General Meeting.
 University College, 5.30.—"Problems in Relativity," Lecture I., Prof. H. A. Lorentz.
 Aristotelian Society, 8.—"What does Dr. Whitehead mean by 'Event'?" Sir Leslie Mackenzie.
 Tues. 5. Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society (Central Hall, Westminster), 3.—Annual Meeting; Chairman, Mr. C. Roberts.
 Royal Institution, 3.—"Discoveries in Egypt," Lecture III., Prof. W. M. Flinders Petrie.
 Royal Society of Arts, 4.30.—"The Economic Conference and the Colonies," Sir E. Davson.
 King's College, 5.30.—"The Conflict within the Greek Moral Ideal," Lecture I., Miss H. D. Oakeley.
 University College, 5.30.—"Problems in Relativity," Lecture II., Prof. H. A. Lorentz.
 Wed. 6. British Academy (Royal Society's Rooms), 5.—"Adam Smith," Prof. W. R. Scott.
 University College, 5.—"The Structure and Behaviour of the Molecule," Lecture I., Prof. G. N. Lewis (of the University of California).
 Geological Society, 5.30.—"A New Blattoid Wing from the Harrow Hill Mine, Forest of Dean," Dr. H. Bolton; and other Papers.
 Parents' National Educational Union (Big School, Westminster School), 5.30.—Annual Meeting.
 University College, 6.15.—"Economic and Statistical Aspects of a Capital Levy," Newmarch Lecture III., Sir Josiah C. Stamp.

FROM MR. MURRAY'S LIST

MEMOIRS :

With a Full Account of
the Great Malaria Problem

By COL. SIR RONALD ROSS, K.C.B., F.R.S.

"His memoirs are among the most interesting and stimulating that have appeared for many years. . . . The general reader will greatly appreciate the volume for the insight it gives into the character of a very virile, able, and charming personality."—*Morning Post*. Illustrated. 24s. net.

THE CHIEF MINISTERS OF
ENGLAND, 920-1720

By the Hon. CLIVE BIGHAM, C.M.G., C.B.E. "Of romantic and picturesque quality, a book it would be difficult to overpraise. Rich in the fruits of reading and research; sober and just in judgment."—*Sunday Times*. With Portraits. 21s. net.

MEMORIES OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY

By the EARL OF MEATH, K.P., G.B.E. "One of the pleasantest books of anecdote and gossip that have been published."—*Daily Telegraph*. With Illustrations. 18s. net.

TRIFLES AND TRAVELS

By ARTHUR KEYSER, Author of "People and Places." "The writer is a gay raconteur who has seen most of the civilised world, and has a good story to tell of every place he has visited and an anecdote to relate of nearly everybody one has ever heard of."—*Daily Chronicle*. 10s. 6d. net.

LADY ROSE WEIGALL

A Memoir based on her correspondence and the recollections of friends. By her daughter, RACHEL WEIGALL. From her earliest years Lady Rose Fane had lived in the centre of the most distinguished society. Illustrated. 12s. net.

THE GLEAM

By SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E. "He gives us a very full presentation of the workings of a typical Oriental mind seeking a pure religious philosophy."—*The Times*. 12s. net.

GARDENING FOR THE XXth CENTURY

By CHARLES ELEY, M.A., F.L.S. All beginners (and many who are not beginners) will find in Mr. Eley's book much valuable advice. Illustrated. 16s. net.

THE BRITISH NURSE in Peace & War

By ELIZABETH S. HALDANE, C.H., LL.D. Few people are better qualified than is Miss Haldane to give an account of the development of the nursing profession. Some present-day problems are also dealt with. 7s. 6d. net.

HEALTH AND THE HUMAN SPIRIT

By K. W. MONSARRAT, F.R.C.S.Ed. "A sensible and well-reasoned discourse which might be called psychological, so largely does it treat of matters of the mind and the intelligence."—*Scotsman*. 5s. net.

IMPORTANT NEW NOVELS

OLD OFFENDERS : And a Few Old Scores

By E. W. HORNING. "The whole volume is attractive and possesses in brief all the qualities which gave its author his unique and irreplaceable hold on English imaginations."—*Punch*. 7s. 6d. net.

A FRONTIER MAN

By G. E. MITTON and J. G. SCOTT. "Sir George and Lady Scott are good collaborators. . . . Burma makes an excellent, not too well-trodden background for a story, and the two authors know the country and its people well."—*Observer*. 7s. 6d. net.

LASS OF THE SWORD

By C. E. LAWRENCE, Author of "Pilgrimage," "Mrs. Bente," &c. "Mr. Lawrence keeps his romance light with humour, which plays on his hero and heroine as well as on the lesser characters. It is a charming book."—*Daily News*. 7s. 6d. net.

EVERY MAN'S HAND

By MAJOR-GENERAL C. ROSS, C.B., D.S.O., Author of "The Haunted Seventh." "It is a bustling, eventful tale, told with the vivid imagination which has characterized the author's earlier ventures in the field of fiction."—*The Times*. 7s. 6d. net.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, LONDON, W.1.

Vol. I. No. I

JUNE

The Adelphi

A Monthly Magazine Edited by
John Middleton Murry

I/-



I/-

THE ADELPHI will deal in its own way with the problems of Life, and with those aspects of Literature, Science, and the Arts which are essential to Life.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE :

The Cause of It All

By JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

The Samuel Josephs

By KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Trees and Babies and Papas and Mammias

By D. H. LAWRENCE

The Estuary

By H. M. TOMLINSON

On Being Oneself

By J. W. N. SULLIVAN

The Wood Demon

By ANTON TCHEHOV

Mr. Joiner and the Bible

By THE JOURNEYMAN

The Contributors Club

By

H. M. TOMLINSON

H. G. WELLS

ARNOLD BENNETT

FRANK SWINNERTON

HAROLD LASKI

and

AN UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF
KATHERINE MANSFIELD

NOW ON SALE

(Obtainable at all Bookstalls)



Subscription

12/6 per annum, post free

PUBLISHERS

BRITISH PERIODICALS LTD.

12, CURSITOR ST., CHANCERY LANE, E.C.4

- Thurs. 7. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Nature of Enzyme Action," Lecture II., Sir W. M. Bayliss.
 Royal Society, 4.30.—"Stimulus Rhythm in Reflex Tetanic Contraction," Sir C. Sherrington and Mr. E. G. T. Liddell; and other Papers.
 University College, 5.30.—"Problems in Relativity," Lecture III., Prof. H. A. Lorentz.
 Fri. 8. School of Oriental Studies (Finsbury Circus), 5.—
 "The Aryans," Lecture III., Dr. Peter Giles.
 University College, 5.—"The Structure and Behaviour of the Molecule," Lecture II., Prof. G. N. Lewis.
 English Goethe Society (Bedford College), 5.30.—
 Viscount Haldane on "Goethe as Thinker."
 King's College, 5.30.—"The Editors of Shakespeare from First Folio to Malone," Mr. Allardyce Nicoll.
 University College, 5.30.—"Contemporary Swiss Literature," Lecture II., Dr. Paul Lang.
 Royal Institution, 9.—"Jewels of the Renaissance," Miss Joan Evans.

THE WEEK'S BOOKS

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

FINE ARTS.

- CARTLIDGE (S. J.). Original Design: Book I. Geometric Pattern for Beginners. Il. Chapman & Hall, 6/-.
 COX (J. Charles). English Church Fittings, Furniture, and Accessories. Introd. by Aylmer Vallance. Pl. Batsford, 21/-.
 GANGOLY (Ordhendra Coomar). Kshatindranath Mazumdar (Modern Indian Artists, Vol. I.). 26 pl. Calcutta, "Rupam" (Probsthain & Co., 41, Great Russell St.), 21/-.
 HUGHES (Alice). My Father and I. Pl. Thornton Butterworth, 15/-.
 NEURDENBURG (Ellisabeth). Old Dutch Pottery and Tiles. Tr. with Annotations by Bernard Rackham. 112 il. Benn, 84/-.
 PARKES (U. W. A.). A Text-Book on the Artistic Anatomy of the Human Form. Il. by the Author. Bale, 7/6.
 PRINT SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS. No. 2, 66 Etchings. Woodgreen Common, Breamore, Hampshire, Print Society, 21/-.
 RICHARDS (C. R.). Art in Industry: Being an Industrial Art Survey conducted for the National Society for Vocational Education New York, Macmillan Co.

LITERATURE.

- BENCHLEY (Robert). Love Conquers All. Il. Lane, 6/-.
 BURNETT (John). Ignorance: Romanes Lecture. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 2/-.
 COOKE (Delmar Gross). William Dean Howells: a Critical Study. Stanley Paul, 10/6.
 FORMAN (Maurice Buxton). A Bibliography of the Writings in Prose and Verse of George Meredith. Edinburgh, Dunedin Press.
 *GOESE (Edmund). More Books on the Table. Heinemann, 8/6.
 GUBALLA (Philip). Masters and Men: Essays. Constable, 7/6.
 HOWE (P. P.). The Best of Hazlitt. Methuen, 3/6.
 *LUBBOCK (Percy). Roman Pictures. Cape, 7/6.
 NITZE (William A.) and DARGAN (E. Preston). A History of French Literature to the Great War. Il. Harrap, 15/-.
 *STRACHEY (Lytton). Landmarks in French Literature. Williams & Norgate, 7/6.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

- *ARCHER (William). The Old Drama and the New: an Essay in Re-valuation. Heinemann, 10/6.
 ARMFIELD (Maxwell). White Horses. Oxford, Blackwell, 2/6.
 *CANNAN (Gilbert). Seven Plays. Secker, 5/-.
 CHURCH (Richard). Philip; and Other Poems. Oxford, Blackwell, 2/6.
 KLEIN (John W.). Pontius Pilate: Biblical Drama in Five Acts. Stockwell, 8/6.
 *KREYMBORG (Alfred). Puppet Plays. Pref. by Gordon Craig. Secker, 5/-.
 LAMBORN (E. A. G.) and HARRISON (G. B.). Shakespeare: the Man and his Stage. Milford, 2/6.
 MAGRAW (John Edward). Some Favorite Verses: Some Fresh Verses. Boston, Mass., Stratford Co., 234, Boylston St., \$2.
 MONNIER (Adrienne). La Figure. Paris, Maison des Amis des Livres, 7, Rue de l'Odéon, 7fr.
 *MUNRO (C. K.). At Mrs. Beam's: a Comedy. Collins, 5/-.
 POEMS. By H. E. Grant Richards, 3/6.
 PUBLIC SCHOOL VERSE. Vol. III. 1921-22. Heinemann, 3/6.
 WALKERDINE (W. E.). At Damascus' Gate: a Drama of the Conversion of St. Paul. Simpkin & Marshall, 5/-.

FICTION.

- LION (Kathleen Crighton). The Ghost Moth. Heinemann, 7/6.
 NEPEAN (Mrs. Evan). Lanterns of Horn. Foreword by W. J. Locke. Lane, 7/6.
 OGDEN (G. W.). The Bondboy. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.
 *ORIORDAN (Conal). Rowena Barnes. Collins, 7/6.
 OSTRANDER (Isabel). McCarty Incog. Hurst & Blackett, 7/6.
 *PHILLIPOTS (Eden). Children of Men. Heinemann, 7/6.
 PIERMARINI (P. N.). Life Begins Today. Hutchinson, 7/6.
 PUTNAM (Nina). Laughter Limited. Chapman & Dodd, 3/6.
 SAFRONI-MIDDLETON (A.). Ragged Romance out of the Sapphire Seas and Tropic Lands. Jarrolds, 7/6.
 *SIDGWICK (Ethel). Restoration: the Fairy-Tale of a Farm. Sidgwick & Jackson, 7/6.
 SWANN (Duncan). The Book of a Benedict. Lane, 7/6.
 TAYLOR (Katharine Haviland). Cecilia of the Pink Roses. Methuen, 7/6.
 WALLACE (Edgar). The Clue of the New Pin. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.
 WALLACE (Fredk. William). The Shack Locker. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.
 *WINGFIELD-STRAFORD (Esmé). Life: Being a Memoir of Chesney Temple by Robert V. Allenby. Collins, 7/8.
 WODEHOUSE (P. G.). The Inimitable Jeeves. Jenkins, 3/6.
 WODEN (George). The Wrenfield Mystery. Parsons, 7/6.
 WYLIE (I. A. R.). Side Shows. Cassell, 7/6.
 *YOUNG (F. E. Mills). Selwyn Brothers. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/5.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT.

NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

THE COLLEGE proposes to elect, in October next, to a Fellowship in Economic Theory, the duties and emoluments of which will commence either then or in the following January. The Fellow elected will be responsible for the teaching of Economics in New College, and will also be appointed to a Lectureship in that subject by the Provost and Fellows of Queen's College. The initial salary from all sources will be £450. Candidates should apply in writing to the Warden not later than Saturday, September 1st, and should send three testimonials and the names of at least two other references. Further particulars may be obtained from the Bursary, New College.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS.

THE COMMITTEE invite applications for the position of LIBRARIAN, vacant in September next, from candidates who are qualified to lecture on Art and Art Industry, and know the connection of these with education and trade.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary of the School. Salary according to qualifications and comparable with that paid on the Burnham (Provincial) Scale to a Graduate Assistant Teacher engaged in a School of Art.

Applications (no special form), together with copies of not more than three recent testimonials, must be sent to the undersigned, endorsed "Librarian, School of Art," not later than June 9th, 1923. Canvassing disqualified.

P. D. INNES,

Chief Education Officer.

Education Office,
Margaret Street.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA.

THE COUNCIL invites applications for the following posts:—

(i) ASSISTANT LECTURER in the Department of Classics.

(ii) ASSISTANT LECTURER in the Department of English.

Salary in each case, £300 per annum. The appointments will date from October 1st, 1923.

Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications must be received on or before June 7th, 1923.

EDWIN DREW,
Registrar.

Singleton Park,
Swansea.

WEST BROMWICH EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

RYLAND MEMORIAL SCHOOL OF ART.

POST OF HEAD MASTER.

THE Committee invite APPLICATIONS for the POST of HEAD MASTER of the Ryland Memorial School of Art. Candidates should be trained and duly qualified, and have recognized teaching experience. The person appointed will be required to commence duties in September next. Burnham Scales are paid by the Authority.

Apply for form and further particulars to the undersigned on or before June 16th.

ARTHUR LEWIS,

Director of Education.

Education Offices,
West Bromwich.
May 23rd, 1923.

RED MAIDS' SCHOOL, WESTBURY, BRISTOL.

(Public Secondary Residential.)

WANTED SEPTEMBER. MISTRESS to take Art Work (including some handicrafts) throughout School and some general Form Work in Lower School. Burnham Scale (less 5 per cent. abatement).

Apply Headmistress.

TYPEWRITING.

TYPEWRITING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION carefully and promptly executed at home, 1s. 1,000 words; carbon copy, 3d. per 1,000 words. Duplicating. Cambridge Local. Special terms for over 25,000 words. Translations undertaken. — Miss Nancy MacFarlane, 11, Palmeira-av., Westcliffe, Essex.

TYPEWRITING, 1s. 1,000 words; carbon, 3d. Reduction quantity. Illegible writing speciality. 200 testimonials, including Helen Mather's. Established 1909.—Expedient Typing Co., 69, Lower Clapton-road, E. 5. 'Phone: Dalston 4274.

TYPEWRITING, 1s. 1,000 words; carbons, 3d. Duplicating (Roneo Machining), 10s. 1,000 copies.—Glyn & Co., 32, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C. 'Phone: Clerkenwell 5861.

TYPEWRITING, Duplicating, Translations.—Temporary short-hand-typists by the hour. Best work. Lowest charges. Quotation on application.—E. & A. Cox, Fulwood House, High Holborn, W.C. 1.

TYPEWRITING, 10d. 1,000. Prompt, accurate. Long experience literary work. Highly recommended.—41, Dunkirk-road, Fishponds, Bristol.

TO LET & WANTED.

VACANT POSSESSION.

EALING.—Upper part of House to Let; 5 rooms, bath, and offices; near G.W.R., C.L.R., and District Stations.—Hampshire House Workshops, 6, Upper Mall, Hammersmith.

UNIVERSITY MAN wants apartments, with attendance, for June and July. Near University College, Gower Street, W.C.—Apply Box N.A. 60, THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, 12, Cursitor-street, E.C. 4.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Enlarged, but reduced in price to

ONE SHILLING

An Independent Monthly Review of Public Affairs,
Literature, the Arts, Science, Sport and Finance

The Contents for JUNE include:

Bernard Shaw as a Thinker (i) HENRY ARTHUR JONES
A Plea for Lucidity The REV. CYRIL ALINGTON, D.D.
(Head Master of Eton College).
To the Unknown British Soldier in France
SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.
Stories MRS. H. G. WELLS - ALBERT KINROSS
Politics and Public Schools
The Rt. Hon. LORD RAGLAN, D.S.O.
The Old "English" AUSTIN HARRISON
After One Hundred Years
The Hon. JOHN FORTESCUE, C.V.O.
The Income Tax Net
The Rt. Hon. LORD DECIES, P.C., D.S.O.
Shall British Agriculture Perish?
The Rt. Hon. GEO. H. ROBERTS, P.C., M.P.
Mr. Winston Churchill at War L. COPE CORNFORD
The Reality of Reparations ERNEST REMNANT
Verses LAURENCE HOUSMAN
MADELEINE LUCETTE RYLEY
Music The Theatre Books Investments

Annual Subscription 14/- post free to all parts of the world
Half-Yearly " 7/- " " "

THE ENGLISH REVIEW, 18, BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1

THE ROUND TABLE

*A Quarterly Review of the Politics of the
British Commonwealth.*

LEADING CONTENTS FOR JUNE.

THE NEW IMPERIAL PROBLEM
FRANCE AND GERMANY
KENYA

PROBLEMS AND POLITICS IN THE
UNITED STATES
IS BRITISH AGRICULTURE WORTH
WHILE?

IRELAND AS IT IS
THE PROBLEM OF EAST-CENTRAL
EUROPE

UNITED KINGDOM:
Current Politics—Unemployment and
Some Remedies.

*Also articles from "Canada," "Australia,"
"South Africa," and "New Zealand."*

Price 5s. per copy, or 20s. per annum, post free to any
address within the Empire.

To be obtained through all Booksellers, Railway Bookstalls,
and at

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.C.2.

READ

Foreign Affairs

Edited by

E. D. MOREL, M.P.

Chief Contents for June.

IN THE BALANCE

By E. D. Morel, M.P.

THE MESOPOTAMIAN WHITE ELEPHANT

By Oswald Mosley, M.P.

A VISIT TO PRESENT-DAY RUSSIA

By Captain Harold Grenfell, M.P.

PROBLEMS OF CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

By J. C. Johnstone

M. CAILLAUX SPEAKS OUT

By Mary Agnes Hamilton

RUHR AND RUSSIAN DEBATES IN THE
HOUSE OF COMMONS. (Full Report)

Price 3d. monthly; per annum 3/6 post free.

Outside Europe, 5/-.

Write for specimen copy to FOREIGN AFFAIRS (Room 2),
Orchard House, 2-4, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1.

AUTHORS!

BREEZY WRITING PAYS.

Have a **WHOLE COURSE** of clearly printed and
soundly practical instructions in **MONEY-MAKING
AUTHORSHIP**

FOR FIVE SHILLINGS.

No other fees whatever. The course, complete in itself,
comprises the following sections:

What Shall I Write About? Tale-Writing for
Money; 101 Money-Making Recipes for Authors;
The Writer's Brain-Book; Making Money by
the Pen; Golden Hints for Writers; Income-
Increasing Authorship; Money Prizes for Authors;
Poetry that Pays.

All by the well-known author, R. A. H. GOODYEAR.

The full course, as above, complete in 240 pages, post free
for 5/- of the publishers only.

A. ACKLAND & Co., Cloughton, Scarborough.

SNOWDON AND WELSH HIGHLANDS

**WELSH
HIGHLAND
STORY**

Snowdon & Welsh Highland Holiday
Book, 128 pages, 42 illustrations
beautifully printed, 1s. 3d., post
free, from Manager, Snowdon
Railway, Llanberis.

**UNIQUE
HOLIDAY
TOUR
£8 8s.**

SEVEN DAYS' HOTEL, with Excursion
to summit of Snowdon, Beddgelert,
Bettwyscedd, Llandudno and
Cardigan Bay. Illustrated pro-
gramme from Manager, Snowdon
Railway, Llanberis.

**VICTORIA
HOTEL
Llanberis**

1st class. Circled by mountains,
overlooking two lovely lakes.
Tennis, Fishing, Electric Light,
Garages. Finest centre for Snow-
donia. Brochure from Manager.

MADE IN THE GARDEN VILLAGE, BOURNVILLE

Cadbury's Chocolates

SEE THE NAME "CADBURY" ON EVERY PIECE OF CHOCOLATE

FINANCE AND INVESTMENT

TRUSTEE INVESTMENTS—HOME, COLONIAL, AND INDIAN.

A NOTE of caution was sounded in this column a few weeks ago about the merits of long-dated British Government Stocks, such as Conversion Loan, as compared with short-dated stocks, such as National War Bonds. We pointed out that the latter offered less risk to any investor for whom stability of capital value was an important consideration. Nevertheless, if we are comparing not British Government Stocks amongst themselves, but British Government Stocks with other Trustee investments, there are strong arguments for sticking to our own home securities. It is generally a good rule for an investor, having settled on the class of security he prefers—long-dated or short-dated bonds, Trustee investments or Foreign Government Bonds, or Bank Shares, or Oil Shares, or Investment Trusts, or Industrials, Debentures, Preference or Ordinary, whatever it may be—to buy only the best within that category. The extra yield obtainable on the second-best seldom compensates adequately for the increased risk and diminished marketability. This is not less true in the gilt-edged than in other markets.

The extra yield obtainable just now on Indian and Colonial Stocks is too small to justify the investor in preferring them to home stocks. It is not prudent for those who take long views to overlook either the precarious element in the Indian situation or the great weight of foreign debt accumulating on Australia in proportion to population. The slump in India Stocks some little time ago may have been overdone; but the subsequent recovery has left no adequate margin to cover contingencies. And on Australian and other Colonial Stocks the extra yield is so trifling as to do little more than compensate for their inferior marketability. The following comparisons exhibit the present situation, all the yields being calculated to allow approximately for accrued interest and for loss or profit on redemption:—

LONG-DATED STOCKS.

	Price.	Yield.
	£	s. d.
3½% Conversion Loan (after 1961) ...	80½	4 7 6
4% New South Wales (1942-62) ...	91	4 10 0
4% New Zealand (1943-53) ...	92½	4 8 0
4% Victoria (1940-60) ...	91½	4 9 0
4% South Africa (1943-63) ...	91	4 9 0
3½% India Stock (after 1931) ...	71½	4 19 0

For the period between the dates given in brackets there is an *option* to the borrowing Governments to redeem which they are free to exercise if it benefits themselves, and not to exercise if it would benefit the investor. Thus, in the case of the Colonial Stocks this option *against* the investor for a period of twenty years outweighs the advantage of definite redemption some forty years hence. Surely Conversion Loan is far preferable to any of these alternatives amongst long-dated stocks. Or if a somewhat higher yield is required, Bank of England Stock yields, on the assumption of a continuance of half-yearly 6 per cent. dividends, which the Governor's speech at the last Court seemed decidedly to encourage, about £4 15s. 6d. If a slight element of uncertainty is not disliked, is not Bank Stock to be very much preferred to India Stock at the present level of prices?

INTERMEDIATE STOCKS.

	Price.	Yield.
	£	s. d.
5% War Loan (1929-47) ...	101½	4 15 6
5% Victoria (1932-42) ...	101½	4 17 6
5% New South Wales (1932-40) ...	102½	4 16 6
5% South Australia (1932-42) ...	102½	4 16 0

Here again the British Government security seems the cheaper at the price, even allowing for the extra three years' run on the Colonial Stocks before the option to redeem operates. It is not worth while to leave the straightforward course of home Government Stocks for a shilling or two per cent.

STOCKS REDEEMABLE WITHIN TEN YEARS.

	Price.	Yield.
	£	s. d.
5% National War Bonds (1929) ...	106½	4 10 6
5½% Treasury Bonds (1930) ...	105	4 13 0
4% New Zealand (1929) ...	95½	4 16 0
5½% New South Wales (1922-32) ...	101	5 15 0
5½% India (1932) ...	103½	5 5 6

For these maturities the extra yield on Indian and Colonial Stocks is much more adequate. For example, 15s. per cent. extra is obtainable on the comparable Indian security, as against 10s. per cent. extra on the long-dated stocks. Moreover, the risk attaching to India Stocks is more likely to eventuate after 1932 than before that date; so that there are some attractions in a ten-year Indian security yielding five guineas per cent. Nevertheless, in this, as in the other categories, there is not really enough inducement to tempt the ordinary investor outside his home Government Stocks.

The prices at which new Colonial and Indian loans have been floated during the past month indicate, however, that the ordinary investor is tempted. New Zealand has just borrowed £4,000,000 at £4 12s. 7d.; and India £20,000,000 at £5 4s. 4d. The New Zealand Loan stands at a trifling discount, and the other at a premium. Part of the explanation is probably to be found in the preference of many investors for new issues which can be purchased by filling up a form cut out of the newspapers without the interposition of banks or brokers. Immense numbers of small investors have no regular broker, and do not know the address of one. This big gap in our investment system is difficult to fill, yet requires some remedy. The brokerless investor may be reminded, however, that for any family which has not yet acquired its full quota Savings Certificates are still by far the biggest bargains in the gilt-edged market.

The 6 per cent. cumulative income stock of the New Town Trust, redeemable at 110 not before 1933 or after 1945, of which the prospectus has been published in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM (May 19th), and which is still open for subscription, makes it appeal not to the ordinary investor, but to those anxious to support Garden City developments. The company has been formed to work in association with Welwyn Garden City, Ltd., which has already secured substantial success. The Board of Directors receive no remuneration. The Trust holds £20,000 shares and debentures of the Welwyn Garden City Company, and its purpose is the general development of the new Garden City, particularly in connection with the farming of the permanent rural belt through an Agricultural Guild. £34,082 of the income stock has been already issued, and also £12,771 of ordinary capital. This stock has speculative features without offering speculative rewards; but investment in it will assist an interesting social experiment.

J. M. K.

ne
ee
to
ne
or

nd
le,
le
on
to
an
in
t.
is
ry

ns
w-
ew
l.;
nd
a
be
tes
he
or
no
ne.
ll,
ay
not
are
ed

he
or
ed
nd
not
ort
en
en
ial
ra-
of
is
ti-
ent
of
lso
ive
est-
t.